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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BELGIUM BACK TO NORMAL

CAMILLE HUYSMANS, whose views upon Belgium's foreign policy we print this week, speaks for the Social Democrats of his country, who form one of the strongest groups in Parliament. But the sentiment he voices is probably not confined to the members of a single party. Racial, geographical, and economic conditions in Belgium combine to give that nation cosmopolitan interests in a higher degree perhaps than any other people of Europe. No other country has addressed itself so energetically and successfully as has this war-harried land to the problem of reconstruction at home — which is essentially a work of peace and a work which demands the spirit of peace in the minds of the people.

According to an article in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* of July 15, nearly 2500 miles of railway lines, with 350 bridges and tunnels, injured or completely destroyed during hostilities, have been practically restored; and a project for electrifying the railways is now in contemplation. By constructing a few large central power stations in the coal districts, it is hoped to save one-fifth of the present fuel consumption of the lines. Within a year the number of persons out of employment has fallen

from 800,000 to 120,000. The coal mines are actually producing more than before the war. Although imports still exceed exports, this is not due to extravagant personal consumption — as in case of some of Belgium's neighbors — but to the country's heavy requirements for reconstruction; and moreover the excess of imports over exports is rapidly decreasing.

AN ITALIAN DOCUMENT OF OPINION

THE article upon Poland by Gigi Michelotti which we publish this week is chiefly interesting as a document of Italian sentiment. It is based upon the reports and opinions of a member of the Italian mission to Poland; and it appears in the personal organ of Giolitti, the Prime Minister of Italy. Poland's 'Belvedere programme,' ably but critically discussed by Hans Vorst in an article which we published in our issue of August 28, represents the revival of a policy which Poland pursued with success for nearly two centuries — a policy of political penetration of the territories to the east, with the minimum employment of military force. Giolitti and his Savoy followers are anti-French rather than anti-Polish. None the less, public opinion in Italy, where even the middle classes are

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widely affected with radical sentiment, seems to be more definitely favorable toward the present régime in Russia than in any other allied country.

The reports of Italian journalists, several of whom have recently been permitted to tour the Soviet Republic, have been for the most part sympathetic — or at least more mildly critical than those which have appeared in the bourgeois press of other countries, with the possible exception of England. Last of all, the immediate pacification of Europe is perhaps of more urgent importance to the Italians than to any other of the victorious peoples.

RESOLUTIONS AND RIOTS IN CHILE

LA PRENSA of Buenos Aires devotes considerable space to the disorders which occurred in Chile when the news of the recent anti-Chilian revolution in Bolivia reached Santiago. A few weeks before, a student's convention had been held in the latter city, at which the rector of the State University presided. Among the resolutions adopted at this convention were the following:

1. Whereas it is an accepted principle, that the interests of the individual should be subordinated to those of the family, and those of the family to the country, and those of the country to humanity; and whereas patriotism is a noble sentiment demanding the sacrifice of individual interests to the community; and

2. Whereas existing international conflicts are due to the present political organization of our governments, which are founded upon a capitalist régime; and whereas it will be very difficult to attain universal peace until the implements and materials of production have been socialized and organized upon an international basis; therefore this convention declares:

First, that whenever international conflicts arise, the interests of the fatherland, the family, or the individual should be subordinated to the supreme interests of humanity;

Second, that we condemn in general all wars conducted against the interests of humanity and of individual peoples;

Third, that we will work to attain as an ideal,

the complete and simultaneous abolition of armaments by every country.

Although these resolutions had been adopted some weeks before, the excited populace of the Chilian capital mobbed the Students' Club, destroyed its furniture, burned its library, and killed one of the members.

SENTIMENT IN LUXEMBURG

A RECENT issue of the *Luxemburg Zeitung* contains the following comment, presumably reflecting the usual sentiment of the inhabitants of the little territories of ambiguous status in Europe toward their powerful neighbors:

We live at the crossroads of the nations. We are of all the peoples of the world those most cosmopolitan in spirit. On July 14 there was a French evening on the parade grounds, and everyone was enthusiastic for France. On July 20 we had a Belgian evening in the same place and again everyone was inspired with enthusiasm. Should there be an American, Italian, Czecho-Slovak or Polish evening any pleasant summer night, the throng would greet it with the same enthusiasm. We like to have people of other nations as our guests. We wish them to feel at home in our midst.

A stranger who does not know us — and many who have lived among us fail to know us — might fancy that we lack national sentiment.

But precisely the reverse is true. Our national sentiment is so deep that we are like a tree whose trunk stands unshaken when its crown is rustled by the wind of sympathy for other countries.

Last Wednesday, after our French and Belgian evenings, we had a Luxemburg evening. The parade ground was too small and the firmament was too low to contain the enthusiasm of the multitude. We were at home among ourselves. The leader had provided a programme of old, modern, and very recent Luxemburg music. During the choruses the thousands surrounding the platform stood as reverently as if they were in church. When applause was called for it was so thunderous as to be almost intimidating. . . . The depth and sincerity of a nation's patriotism are not measured by the area of its territory.

LOW PRICES OR STABLE PRICES?

M. CHARLES GIDE, the distinguished professor of Political Economy in the

Faculty of Law at Paris, discusses in a long article in *Le Progrès Civique* the problem of the high cost of living, and in particular the gradual decline of prices which has now become a world-wide phenomenon. Among other things he says:

In my opinion the important thing is not that we live under a régime of high prices or of low prices. Producers and consumers eventually accommodate themselves to either one with equal convenience. It is all a matter of habit, a mere acceptance of certain index figures.

The important thing is to stabilize prices, because thus only can we guarantee the security and certainty in business transactions which enable producers to calculate in advance the rewards for their industry and labor, and permit the consumer to adjust his expenditures to his income.

Professor Gide believes that the consumer's rôle in the present emergency should be 'to cast oil upon the troubled waters' of price fluctuations. He should restrict purchases when prices go up and buy freely when prices go down. In other words, purchasers should reverse their usual practice of buying eagerly on a rising market and of ceasing to buy in the hope of still lower prices on a falling market.

A NATIONAL STRIKE IN BOHEMIA

IN Northern Bohemia great suffering has occurred among the working people on account of the breakdown of the government food service. Finally recognizing that the Parliament in Prague would do nothing for their relief, since its members were fully occupied with nationalist controversies and other political matters, a spontaneous general strike occurred, it is said without the leadership or intervention of the regular labor organizations. When the movement once started the workers discovered they had additional grievances, in particular inadequate provisions to relieve the prevailing unemployment. Inasmuch as most of the workers in this region are Germans,

the strikers were bitterly attacked by the Czech newspapers; and indeed, Czech working men seemed to have kept aloof from the strike. After four days of general cessation of work throughout the district, the strikers are reported to have won their demands, including the allotment of a higher ration, and a more generous allowance for support in case of enforced idleness.

A NOTE FROM IRELAND

'WAYFARER' in the *London Nation* prints the following quotation from a recent characteristic note by George Bernard Shaw apropos of a visit to Ireland:

The people are pleasanter than ever: they seem to have had a weight taken off their minds. That weight must have been the presence of the police. Formerly I never strolled through an Irish country town or loitered on an Irish pier as a stranger without presently finding myself accosted tentatively by a police officer. These encounters were always agreeable enough, as I, knowing what was wanted, took occasion to mention my name, destination, date of arrival, business (or pleasure), apparently in a mere transport of incontinent communicativeness, which was received with the proper blend of hospitable affability and distinguished consideration. But they always occurred; and they marked very significantly the difference between Ireland and every other country I had visited. In Ireland I was a suspected person (like everybody else); in England, though continually and furiously denounced by the press as an enemy of mankind, I had to force myself on the attention of the police whenever, as a stranger, I could not find my way about.

NEW THINGS IN JAPAN

RECENTLY the halls of the Lower House of the Japanese Diet were filled with feminine visitors requesting the right to attend political meetings. A bill granting this permission is now before the House of Representatives. In introducing it the member of the Diet who is its sponsor, said:

The liberty of the press and the platform is being materially curtailed by the all-powerful police. The war, however, has occasioned a great

awakening among all classes of people in the countries of the world, and it would be well for Japan to discard Article 5 of the police regulations, which prohibits women from attending political meetings. In Japan, people are agitating for universal male suffrage, but in many civilized countries of the world women are agitating for the suffrage. Among the Japanese Diet members there are so many conservative people that even universal male suffrage is treated as a dangerous thought. The war has brought a complete change in the political and social position of women. This is due to the fact that they shared so largely in the labor of the nation then, that they have become an important producing factor.

Discipline is reported to be lax among Japanese reservists and the army list shows numerous desertions from this branch of the service. The principal cause is said to be a rule forbidding the participation of the members in political movements. General Ishimitsu, commander of the military police, recently observed: 'Some of the reservists are holding objectionable modern ideas in consequence of the hardships due to the present depression. Reservists in the country districts are mostly reliable, but those in the cities are anything but satisfactory. Certain of the latter are at the bottom of local strike troubles and political agitation.'

INCREASE IN OCEAN TONNAGE

IN June, 1920, the world's total steam tonnage was just under 54,000,000 tons. This represents a net increase of more than 8,500,000 tons since June, 1914. Both France and Japan have increased their tonnage during this period by more than 1,000,000. Of course the United States has made the most remarkable advance in this line — of more than 10,000,000 tons. Were it not for the increase in our own shipping, the world's tonnage would show a decline since the outbreak of the war. According to the latest newspapers from Japan, United

States ships are now leading in Kobe foreign trade. That is, the arrivals and clearances of American vessels exceed those of Great Britain which formerly were in the lead, although our tonnage at Kobe is only one fifth that of Japan itself.

SWAYING SENTIMENT IN GERMANY

M. CHARLES BONNEFON, the well-known writer of *L'Echo de Paris*, describes in a recent issue of that journal conversations which he had with Generals Ludendorff, Hoffmann, and Von Kluck, in December, 1919, in which they urged the desirability of a military alliance between Germany and France which would undertake as a joint enterprise the conquest of Russia. Germany was terrorized at the moment by the fear of civil war and Communism, and these generals advocated the plan suggested for the double purpose of suppressing Bolshevism and securing the revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

At the recent Socialist Congress in Geneva a committee upon responsibility for the war, consisting of two Frenchmen, one Belgian, an Englishman, two Germans, a Swiss, a Dane, a Swede, and a Hollander, unanimously reported a resolution explicitly affirming Germany's guilt, and recognizing that the Social Democrats of that country did not oppose with due resolution and determination the militarist and imperialist designs of their government. This resolution was adopted by the Congress, and is the first official acknowledgment by the conservative Social Democrats of Germany of their responsibility — at least in a negative sense — for the war.

THE FOREIGN LEGION

It is reported that a large number of Germans from the occupied Rhine territories are enlisting in the French

Foreign Legion. This interesting military organization suffered many vicissitudes during the war. In 1914 its strength, according to a recent report made to the Chamber of Deputies, was about 25,000 men, of whom almost exactly one half were Germans, Swiss, and Dutch, 12 per cent Austrians, and but 15 per cent French. The rush to enlist at the outbreak of the war speedily raised its strength to double the previous number, although naturally no recruits were received from subjects of the hostile countries. During hostilities the strength of the Legion declined to about 6000. It is interesting to note that 70 per cent of those units of the Legion employed in Algiers and Morocco were recruited from German and Austrian war prisoners.

ZANGWILL ON JEWISH INTERNATIONALISM

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, replying in the London Sunday Pictorial to the accusation of a world-wide Jewish peril, says *inter alia*:

I suppose nobody is in a better position than I to give the lie to the charge of Jewish solidarity — I, whose life has been half wasted in the effort to bring something of the sort about, who for

twenty years have toiled to unite the Jewish millionaires in the quest for a Jewish state, and whose supremest triumph lay in assembling three of them (a British, a Russian, and an American) in one committee room to — promote emigration from a Jewish centre!

Undoubtedly there are Rothschilds in London and in Paris and in Vienna, and perhaps still in Frankfurt.

But the fantastic idea that this concatenation of cousins holds the purse-strings of the world, and is ready to plunge it into war without a qualm, so that it may finance the whirlwind and capitalize the storm, is — though it was actually propounded in my hearing by one of our most liberal men of letters — only to be taken seriously because its effects are serious.

One would have imagined that the discovery in the Kaiser's archives of a letter from the late Alfred de Rothschild, pleading desperately for the peace of Europe, would have given the quietus to this myth.

I well remember how astonished my lamented leader, Dr. Herzl, the founder of Zionism, was at discovering, from personal intercourse, within what a rigid ambit the Rothschilds dared move of their own initiative, how circumscribed they felt themselves by the will of the Powers, how chauvinistically each branch of the cousinship responded to the local Jingoism. Nor were they all so united.

The late Lord Rothschild himself told me sardonically how little one of his Continental cousins could be relied upon in a Jewish cause. 'Useless to ask him to contribute. What you would get wouldn't pay the cost of cleaning your boots after the journey.'

[*Le Peuple* (Belgian Social Democratic Daily), July 18, 20 and 21]

BELGIUM AND ITS NEIGHBORS

BY CAMILLE HUYSMANS

I WISH to sketch briefly the question of Belgium's relations with Russia, Holland, and France. Our country, like all the rest of Europe, needs peace — true peace, a peace with all nations. We need peace with Russia and with Turkey. Until there is peace in the

East, conditions will not be normal and the thoughts of the people will not settle down to the problems of reconstruction, which we must solve if we are to live. This truth should be the guiding principle of all foreign policy. It possesses no originality. It is one of

the most common of commonplaces. But still we have not true peace. Hostilities and misunderstandings continue. A Russian will tell you: 'The Poles attacked us. They are the tools of Entente imperialism.' A Pole will tell you: 'The Russians are deceiving you. They were getting ready for an attack. We merely anticipated them.' Nowhere is there confidence because everywhere there is intrigue. Kolchak and Denikin would never have started their campaigns had they not been egged on and aided by foreign powers. So in a word, the first duty of Belgium, as a member of the Entente, is to strive to bring about true and durable peace.

Russia

Our government has done wisely to recommend resuming commercial relations with Russia. We have no business interfering in the internal controversies of that country. If it wants a Soviet government, let it have it.

The Bolsheviks have set up in Russia an inverted Tsarism. We understand that. But it is no business of Belgium's. Personally I detest the autocracy of Lenin as much as I did that of Nicholas. Though a Socialist I have not the least desire to promote the formation of a working man's oligarchy, any more than a bourgeois aristocracy. I do not intend to be false to democracy. If others enjoyed unfair privileges yesterday, that does not entitle us to seize unfair privileges to-day. But, as a Belgian, I believe the government under which I live should play fair. It maintained commercial and political relations with the autocracy of Rasputin; it maintained commercial and political relations with the government of Kerensky. We have no reason to violate these former precedents. The other day a conservative told me that the Soviet Republic should first of all

be compelled to underwrite all the engagements of the Tsar's government. Why? If I were Lenin I would take care not to do that. I really cannot see why a revolutionary government should, for example, agree to continue a system of exploitation, merely because it was agreed to, from motives which can be no longer fathomed, by the corrupt ministers of a former régime. In matters like this, each case should be studied on its own merits. Possibly there are corrupt private interests behind this demand. Possibly there are other motives. The only conditions which we are justified in imposing before resuming business relations with Soviet Russia, is that our manufacturers and merchants shall enjoy the protection and the privileges which are commonly accorded them in other civilized countries. That is all. Does this indicate that we over-value the importance of resuming trade with Russia? Can Russia supply us with great quantities of produce? Can it buy largely of our wares? I am rather pessimistic on all these points. It will take considerable time for Russia to recover. But we should resume trade whether it proves to be immediately important or not. The main thing is to begin, and above all, not to be the last in the procession.

We are the last of the procession in the case of Holland, and also of Germany. Our own Allies have been selling us Dutch and German manufactures. We have paid a higher price than would otherwise have been necessary for them, but we had to have them. A few days ago there was a demonstration against Germany in Antwerp. Mr. Strauss shouted: '*Heraus!*' Mr. Osterrieth shouted, '*Heraus!*' Senator Lejeune joined the same chorus. A certain daily with a circulation of about two thousand, and supported financially by foreign and

allied industrial interests, encouraged the organization of this demonstration; with the result that our Allies will keep on some time longer selling us these 'abominable' German manufactures at good profit to themselves; and the gentlemen conducting the agitation will also make their commission, and will continue to take the little profit which we so benevolently and patriotically assure them.

If we want eventually to build up a trade with a pacified and reorganized Russia we must look at the problem from the standpoint I emphasized at the beginning—of peace, a good peace, a true peace.

If the French prefer to continue to pout, so much the worse for them. They are not a great manufacturing nation. They may be able to afford an agrarian and petty bourgeois policy. We cannot. We are first and foremost a manufacturing nation. We want to remain so. We ought to remain so. But we cannot, if we force our working men to emigrate.

Holland

During the war we became familiar with the first edition of the follies of the Committee of National Policy. It was when that Committee distributed among the army its famous 'Annexionist Catechism.' The document came from an office run by certain officers of the General Staff. These gentlemen were not promoting the cause of Belgium. They were promoting the cause of French reactionaries.

Certain circles closely in touch with our Foreign Office played a double game. On the one hand, the General Staff reassured Holland; on the other hand, these gentlemen prepared batteries. The official government asserted that it had nothing to do with this annexionist propaganda. Its unofficial agitators desired the Allies—

the Great Powers—to offer us voluntarily what we did not dare to claim for ourselves. We know the result. It was obvious from the first. Only a blind man could have failed to foresee it. Instead of basing our claims on a solid legal basis, we permitted these intriguers to ruin our case. We did not formulate a regular demand for territorial readjustments with Holland; but we permitted these agitators to act as if such a demand were part of our programme. We incurred the odium of an annexionist policy and lost the advantage of well-founded policy of territorial readjustment. We allowed certain people in the War Office to inspire our newspapers to take an aggressive attitude toward Holland. We permitted officials in the foreign office to circulate confidential documents of the same tenor, without the knowledge of the responsible minister. We allowed compromising placards to be posted on public monuments. They were even put up on the War Office, as a special act of provocation. After we had spoiled our case by such foolishness as this we began to negotiate. The very gentlemen who thus put us at a disadvantage then denounced the pusillanimity of the government. They posed as super-patriots. They appealed to public opinion. Happily their influence has been reduced to a cipher. The public woke up. A majority of Parliament wants to come to an agreement with Holland. We should resume our relations with that country. We should squelch malcontents.

I know all about the history of Wieringen. That is where Holland also blundered. Perhaps I should call it the blunder of one Dutch Cabinet official. Belgium can never permit our sovereignty over our own territorial waters to be questioned. Holland would not make a similar concession. We shall not yield on that point. Bel-

gium is of one opinion there. But is it necessary to break off diplomatic relations for this single reason?

The sovereignty over these waters belongs to Belgium; but Holland might be granted rights of transit. Holland can accept such a compromise. It satisfies the real interests of both nations. It diminishes the prestige of no one.

We want to live in friendship with Holland. The two countries supplement each other economically. As a Fleming I am convinced, and I venture to speak in the name of a great majority of Flemish people, that Flanders desires the resumption of cordial relations. Holland forms part of our own civilization. Holland is to Flanders what France is to Wallonia. Both the Flemings and the Walloons wish to remain Belgians. But Wallonia receives much of its intellectual food, of its literature and its science, from France. Many ties of sympathy unite the Walloons with the French, and these ties have grown stronger since the war. It is the same in the case of Flanders and Holland. But the people of Wallonia and certain journalists in Brussels, who mistakenly imagine that they represent the whole country, can hardly conceive how they wound the feelings of educated Flemings by inconsiderate attacks on Holland *apropos* of no real grievance.

France

It has become an established custom in the Belgian Parliament to glorify France. This sympathy is so strong that only the other day during a manifestation against the Flemings the demonstrators sang the 'Marseillaise' instead of our national song, the 'Brabançonne.'

How sentiment has changed! Before the war the very men who still continue to edit our great nationalist journals could not find words bitter

enough in denouncing what they called 'French corruption.' In the Flemish districts the old priests constantly denounced from the pulpits the 'moral desolation of modern Babylon.' The most conspicuous result of these journalist tirades was to inspire the readers of the newspapers in question with strong sympathy for their corrupt neighbors, and to induce the simple Flemish peasants to make excursions to Paris.

But all that is now ancient history. These former denouncers have since become vigilant defenders of the good name of France, and favor us with daily lessons upon loving that country. Converts are always the most ardent in the faith.

Now we all love France. Some of us love it more perhaps than others. Some love it officially and others officiously. France told us in 1914: 'You have saved us.' Since then we have been telling them: 'No, you saved us.' These reciprocal phrases have promoted mutual sympathy. In a word, Long live France!

But there is an 'if.'

It often happens in the heavenly constellations that the powerful attraction of a great body draws its satellites irresistibly to itself, until they crash against its surface. Similarly it has happened often in the history of the world that little countries, becoming too much attached to large ones, have lost their equilibrium and plunged into the pockets of the giants. That is the last that is seen of them. Poor little countries!

To speak plainly, should Belgium become the Portugal of France? I say, without fear, of contradiction, that none of us wishes that. We insist on retaining our political independence and also our economic independence. We are a free-trade country. We also insist on military autonomy. We refuse

to be the bridgehead of any country, whose victorious bourgeoisie may at any moment precipitate a new war by its imperialist ambitions.

The League of Nations we support. It would be a real power in the world already if the Entente governments were headed by men like Albert Thomas, who has given body and life to the International Labor Bureau. What our friend has done in a limited field, Lloyd George and Millerand might do in the larger field of international relations. But the first of these gentlemen has behind him Lord Curzon and his clique, while the second is dominated by a military caste.

If the League of Nations does not overcome its present debility, we must consider in its place some defensive alliance. But such an alliance cannot be one-sided. Should it be with France alone? No. Should it be with France and England? Possibly. That depends on circumstances. It should be an alliance of defense, but not one which obligates us to adopt a particular military system. France and England may have whatever army establishment they want. We shall keep a free hand as to our own.

First of all we should not be in too much of a hurry. Danger from Germany is postponed for a dozen years at least. We have plenty of time.

Belgium is a rampart against a country attacking France, but a deployment field for a country attacking England. Both our neighbors are strongly interested in defending us. There is no reason why we should purchase their protection at the cost of our liberty.

I go still further. If some of Marshall Foch's friends should ever desire to convert the occupation of the Rhine lands into an annexation, and if certain of our own military gentlemen, relying on the help of the French army, should ever wish to launch an attack against Holland, the Socialist Party will resist.

Long Live France! Long live Great Britain likewise! But I prefer to say, even though I may be hissed for it by some local gentlemen from Namur or Liège, Long live a reconciled mankind! At all events, there is one cry which elicits a responsive echo in the heart of every working man: 'Down with war!'

And if to accomplish this last it is necessary to hang Wilhelm II, I personally see no objections to doing so.

[*La Stampa* (Turin Daily, Giolitti Organ), July 24]

WHY POLAND FAILS

BY GIGI MICHELOTTI

[I am indebted for the following interesting impressions of the situation in Poland to Dr. Renato Pergolani, who was a member of our mission to Warsaw, and of our commercial mission to Germany. He spent several months in Poland, visited Bolshevist Russia, and remained for a considerable period in Germany.]

THE Inter-allied Mission charged with drawing the boundaries and assisting in the political organization of the Polish state, left Paris in February, 1919. Its duties were defined by an act creating it, approved by the Peace Conference; but in addition to this official and avowed duty, it was entrusted with another one, which neither we Italian members nor our government approved. This second duty was to erect a firm sanitary cordon along the Russian frontier, to prevent the extension of Bolshevist ideas. The French, English, American, and Italian members composing the mission were in complete accord as to its official functions. They all appreciated the necessity of getting the government of the reborn nation to work as soon as possible, and to provide it with secure frontiers, probably within the limits fixed by the Conference. But the members were far from agreeing upon the second and more or less *sub rosa* object of the mission, to which the French attached the principal importance. On the question of fighting Bolshevism, the French were enthusiastic, the English vacillating, the Americans indifferent, and the Italians passive, if not actually hostile. Upon the whole, the state of mind of the different representatives was not such

as to promise much success in a matter where unanimity was of first importance. At the head of the mission stood the French, led by a former minister, M. Nivelle, and by General Nicole, both of them experts in Russian affairs from long residence in Petrograd. M. Nivelle had seen the overthrow of the Empire, the dawn of the Revolution, the failure of Kerensky, and the triumph of the Bolsheviki. These gentlemen were accompanied by a large group of officials and generals, a party of some fifty altogether, thoroughly in accord among themselves, and having a well-drafted plan worked out in every detail. England was represented by General Carleton De Wleart, accompanied by some twenty assistants. Professor Lord, also with some twenty assistants, represented the United States. The American gentlemen soon proved themselves to be industrial and commercial experts in private life. Italy's contingent, under General Romei, was the smallest, numbering but six.

Poland expected miracles from this mission. The people deluded themselves with the idea that its members would not leave Poland until they had given the country secure frontiers and a stable government. The reception they accorded our members corre-

sponded with these hopes. The unhappy Poles never dreamed that the mission, or at least that part of the mission which represented the nation holding the preponderant influence and assuming to dictate its political action, was about to precipitate Poland into a war which would imperil the very liberty the nation had fought centuries to win, and which the World War seemed at last to have given it.

So our reception was superb. It was a moving spectacle, particularly for us Italians, who were surprised by the warmth of our personal welcome. At Warsaw the words of Sienkevitch, who asserted that Rome was the second fatherland of the Poles, were received as gospel. For many years, France, courting the favor of Russia, had been inclined to agree to the eternal subjugation of Poland; while Italy has constantly sympathized with Polish dreams of liberty. When the mission arrived, it was given a grand reception in the theatre. The members of Parliament occupied the stage; the cabinet were in the stage boxes. Other boxes were reserved for members of the mission. The aristocracy thronged the galleries. Seats sold for four hundred marks. At the opening of the exercises, the national hymns of the entente nations were played,—the Marseillaise — God Save the King — the Star Spangled Banner,—all with applause. But at the first note of the Italian royal march, there was a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm.

The Conference at Paris could hardly have conceived a greater piece of folly than a sanitary cordon against Russia. You cannot build dikes and construct physical barriers against ideas. But even were this possible, and assuming that the Peace Conference merely expected to create a neutral zone to hamper the spread of Bolshevism, it should have employed a coun-

try already firmly established for that purpose, and not Poland, whose government was hardly formed, whose people were still divided among themselves in ideology, religion, and customs, through having been for more than a century the subjects of three different governments. My personal feeling is that the only country which might have afforded such a barrier was Germany; not because its government would have been disposed to assume that ungrateful task, but because its people possess a genius for organization and a discipline which would have protected them from this infection. But instead of trying to immunize Germany from Bolshevism, the Entente shouldered upon Poland the task of stopping that movement. In order to strengthen the latter country for its new mission, the western powers proceeded arbitrarily to assign it frontiers which made every adjacent nation Poland's enemy. The only explanation is that Paris was in complete ignorance of the problem which it tried to solve. The boundaries traced for Poland would have made even a firmly established state unstable. At a moment like the present, when kingdoms rise and vanish in a night, it was perfect folly for the great powers to force their plan upon a government still in process of formation, against the will of even its own responsible leaders. None of the neighboring governments which were thus compelled to sacrifice to Poland territories belonging to them by tradition, and by the will of their inhabitants, was likely to contemplate its own dismemberment with serenity, or to refrain from hating the new power thus created. It was proposed to wrest Kieff from the Russians, Teschen from the Czechs, Danzig from the Germans, and its petroleum districts from the Ukraine. Seven million Germans, two million Russians, and

Ukrainian territories where 75 per cent of the population belonged to that nation, and less than 25 per cent were Poles, were to be included in the new Poland. Inevitably such arrangements begot resentment, revolt, bitter nationalist agitation, and civil war. So Poland found itself involved from the outset in armed conflicts,—conflicts which its people, except a few adventurers, did not seek or wish. These conflicts were provoked primarily by France, obsessed as it was with the idea of creating a dike against the Bolshevik peril, a barrier behind which it hoped to organize a campaign against Russia itself.

Quite naturally the attitude of the different powers toward these plans varied. Each one followed its own policy, or better said, followed one of two policies; that of England or that of France. However, the latter usually prevailed. Italy was compelled to stand by as a neutral spectator. America merely wanted to get a disagreeable task finished. From the moment the French mission arrived at Warsaw, it set about erecting its barrier against Bolshevism, assisted by the French missions at Bucharest and Prague. It devoted itself constantly to exciting nationalist enthusiasm, to creating a war spirit, to sowing hatred of Russia. It spent money prodigally, appealed to sentiment and history, promised vast supplies of war materials and every other kind of assistance, even French officers and soldiers. Part of these promises France fulfilled. Money was spent freely. Ammunition and arms were supplied, although not in sufficient quantities. The army officers attached to the mission were detailed to assist the Polish general staff. But soldiers did not come. The first brigades of French infantry disembarked at Odessa—brigades which had covered themselves with glory

on the battlefields of France—had hardly landed before they began to fraternize with the Bolsheviks, and mutinied when commanded to march against them. Official French reports stated that these brigades were brought back to France because they were not needed. But this was a pious lie. They really were brought home because they refused to fight the Russian revolutionists. However, the inability of France to fulfil one promise did not prevent its making good the others, and increasing its efforts to persuade the Poles to expand their guerilla warfare with the Bolsheviks into a real campaign. Tools were easily found to assist in this. I will discuss them later.

Meanwhile, the English mission pursued a tortuous course. It did not openly approve the French plan, but never frankly opposed it. It let things take their own way, and pursued a double policy. It tried not to favor or oppose any party. Individual Englishmen aligned themselves on either side. They thought the Poles ought to be supported, but also sympathized with the Ukrainians and the Russians. They hoped in time to discover whom it would be most profitable to back. They spent money freely and were generous with war supplies. But they looked upon the whole affair in a rather disinterested way, as if they were spectators rather than participants. I became well-informed as to this English policy on a trip which I made through the border countries and to Petrograd. But this was best shown when the Armistice was concluded between Poland and Ukraine. That was a decided step forward in the policy promoted by the French mission, and cleared the way for speedy progress toward its goal.

The American mission was not interested in politics or in public policies

at all. It promised and gave Poland a large stock of medicines; but the Red Cross trains which came to Warsaw were filled mainly with machinery and merchandise of every kind. They also brought a large contingent of business men, who joined their colleagues already upon the mission, and at once began to insinuate themselves into the industrial and banking activities of the country. Apparently they took no interest in a sanitary cordon. They busied themselves studying the economic situation in Poland and the border states, with very practical business interests in view. I do not think they have since changed their attitude.

Our Italian mission saw the folly of the French programme. It was fully aware of the ambiguous attitude of England, and of the commercial eagerness of America. But it was condemned to the rôle of a spectator. Its chief attempted, so far as his influence had weight in the mission, to put a brake upon the plans of France, and to prevent Poland from rushing headlong to disaster. But he was not well backed-up by his government, which did not desire to assume responsibility in Poland. So the French pressed their plan persistently to Poland's sorrow, and as we see now, precipitated that country into the abyss. England played a waiting hand. Its representatives adopted a policy which now enables them to step in between the contestants and assume the rôle of Poland's saviors.

The French directed their first attention to the Ukraine, which was infected with Bolshevism, and spurred the Poles against that country. The armistice between Poland and the Ukraine was designed solely to unite the two nations against Russia, meanwhile urging forward Roumanian intervention. They found two men who were willing tools in this work, General

Petljura and General Pilsudski. Both men are adventurers and ambitious. Both were perfectly equipped for their rôle.

Petljura is a former vaudeville dancer transformed into an army commander. He is of the same theatrical type as some of our old leaders—a man whose gestures and attitudes entertain the people. He is capable of anything, even of noble and generous impulses when they are calculated to serve his personal popularity. The French had little trouble in persuading him to second their designs. Pilsudski was formerly the secretary of a labor union in Austria. He volunteered in the Polish Legion, and made a name for himself by several bold and successful adventures, including an attack upon a train on the Russian-Austrian front. So he likewise was fitted for such an enterprise. Pilsudski is not a very popular man in Poland. The common people bear him no ill-will; but the upper classes view him with aversion, although they have made him the head of their government. The nobility abhor him. The country squires regard him with suspicion, even if he has tried to conciliate them in many ways. The middle classes in the city have little confidence in him. It was even easier for the French to bend Pilsudski to their purpose than Petljura. The latter did not need to court popularity, because he already possessed it; but Pilsudski had to win public support. What better way to do the latter than to fight a war which France guaranteed would be successful? Not impossibly even the vision of a crown was used to dazzle the eyes of the two adventurers.

Having found their men, the French mission hastened things as rapidly as possible. Public sentiment was stimulated by every conceivable device. National pride and enthusiasm were

appealed to, and the cannon began to thunder. The French had considered everything except one little detail. This was that a war against Poland would revive all the national spirit in Russia; that hatred for the Poles, their former subjects, would rally the men of every party to the Red banner; that old generals of the Czar would resume their uniforms, and would lead their ancient regiments, even under the Red flag. The old imperial army rose from its ashes, compact, disciplined; and it made short work with the make-shift troops of Pilsudski, organized from the former subjects of three separate governments, poorly equipped and poorly provisioned. It was not much of a task for the Russians to sweep over the puny little dike so poorly designed and so hastily constructed.

Poland was not in the position to conduct such a war. Its common people are peace-loving. Their traditions and their religion would have made them impervious to Bolshevism, had they been left alone. But instead of that, a Red wave has now swept over them, which will not fail to leave its traces, whatever the outcome of the present conflict. [Poland needs years of peace to establish and organize its

government. It is a country predominantly agricultural, and can only prosper in peace. To-day its situation is most precarious. These law-abiding people do not revolt and riot, but they are in distress. I have seen many mobs from which you heard but a single shout — *Bread! Bread! Bread!* The nation is not a nation of revolutionists. The people want only an opportunity to work in peace. It was the blackest of crimes to lead them into a war. It was the most inexcusable of follies to place that burden on a government so unable to bear it. The French have demanded of the people more than they could give. The collapse of Poland will not signify the extermination of her government, for even the Russians do not propose again to subjugate Poland. But it does mean the complete defeat of an Entente policy, and an end to the foolish dream which France cherished of erecting a barrier, a physical wall, against the progress of an idea. To-day the French appeal, to our injury and to theirs, to their own glorious revolutionary past, at the very time when they prove by their acts they have forgotten it. The victories of Brusiloff are real Napoleonic victories.

[*Freiheit* (Berlin Independent Socialist Daily), July 27]

THE WAR WITH POLAND. I

BY KARL RADEK

[The following article is an official Bolshevik interpretation of the war with Poland and originally appeared in a Russian journal.]

MUCH debate has arisen among our comrades over the character of the war which reactionary Poland has forced upon Soviet Russia. Some of our comrades fear this war may develop into a purely nationalist enterprise. This concern is due both to a failure to understand the situation in all its aspects and also to the complex character of the war against Poland as an historical phenomenon. Therefore the question is one worthy of thorough discussion.

What is a national war? Historically we followers of Marx designated as national wars conflicts which the bourgeoisie conduct in order to bring under their control all the territories inhabited by a single nationality. Examples of such wars are those fought by Germany during the interval between the Napoleonic era and 1871. The Italian bourgeoisie fought such wars in order to create a united Italy. Contrasting with these national wars are imperialist wars, which the bourgeoisie conduct in order to conquer foreign lands, foreign markets, and colonies. National wars fought by the bourgeoisie originally sought to unite the lands inhabited by a single people, in order to introduce a higher capitalist social organization in place of a feudal social organization. Imperialist wars are a necessity for capitalism in countries where that system has attained full maturity; for only thus can capi-

talists gain reinforcements to resist the rising, higher Communist social order. National wars have been a step forward in progress. Imperialist wars solely serve reaction.

Are national wars impossible in an era of imperialism? Absolutely no.

Throughout the whole Orient, in Turkey, China, and India, such wars are not only possible but have been rendered highly probable by the recent weakening of the European capitalism which has hitherto exploited those countries. But is a national war conducted by the bourgeoisie possible in Europe itself? Is a national war in Germany or Hungary conceivable at the present time? If we mean by this a war conducted by the bourgeoisie of Germany or Hungary against Entente capitalism, which is seeking to prey upon those lands through the Versailles Peace, and has imposed an economic yoke upon them, there is no doubt that the desire to fight such a war exists; but a conflict of this character is impossible because the capitalists of those countries are simultaneously at sword points with both their working classes at home and with the Entente. Since the working classes threaten to destroy completely their supremacy as a ruling caste, while the Entente is willing to employ them as middle men to exploit the common people of Germany and Hungary, the

enmity of the capitalists of these two countries to the proletariat is stronger than their enmity to the Entente. Does this indicate, however, that the proletariat, which has thus intimidated the bourgeoisie, will submit without revolt to the yoke of foreign capital? In other words, divided as it is within its own ranks, and subject as it is to the yoke of Entente capitalism, will the proletariat of the conquered countries attempt to establish a dictatorship?

If the revolution succeeds in Germany and in the Danube countries before it does in France, England, and America, the proletariat of those countries will be faced with the prospect of a war against the Entente—a war which may be deferred for tactical reasons by diplomatic temporizing, but which will be none the less an eventual historical necessity. The purpose of such a war will be to liberate the territories occupied by the German and Hungarian proletariat, which will then have reached the point of establishing a dictatorship. Consequently this will be a war for the purpose of uniting all the territory of the German and Hungarian nations under the control of the German and Hungarian proletariat. The class which will fight that war will be another class from the bourgeoisie, but the nationalist purpose will be the same as though the war were fought by the bourgeoisie. Its purpose will be to unite all the territories inhabited by one and the same nation under the control of the then governing class. In the capitalist era that class was the bourgeoisie. In the era of labor revolution it will be the proletariat. A person who refuses to recognize that both national and social objects will be united in these future nationalist wars simply refuses to recognize facts.

A person who says that the union of the national domain under a single

sovereignty is only a means to a higher end—to a dictatorship of the proletariat and the introduction of Communism—forgets that the bourgeoisie also did not seek to unite the national domain under a single sovereignty as an end itself. The purpose they had in view in thus creating a single national unit, was to establish a self-sufficing system of capitalistic production under their own control. Consequently the bourgeoisie might sacrifice if necessary part of the national domain in order to insure the latter object. Therefore it is nothing new if the proletariat for tactical reasons sacrifices part of its national territory, or extends its conquest beyond its normal national frontiers. A social war conducted by a proletariat threatened by foreign capitalism is just as much a national war as the struggles of the bourgeoisie to prevent foreign subjugation. This general truth is not contradicted by the fact that a proletariat may fight for its national objects not only against foreign enemies but also against domestic enemies; namely, the landlords and capitalists of its own country. During the era of bourgeois national wars also there were civil wars fought by the rising bourgeoisie against their own feudal lords; and in these wars those lords often sought and obtained the assistance of foreign exploiters and oppressors.

Let us apply this now to Russia.

Some of our comrades argue that the Polish war is fundamentally different from the wars which Soviet Russia has previously fought. In our battles with Denikin and Kolchak we also encountered English, French, and Japanese troops; for foreign capital was supporting Denikin and Kolchak. The only difference is that we are now engaged against an army consisting mainly of foreigners, although it is not impossible that Russian reactionaries

will enlist with the Poles or support their cause. For instance, the Volunteer Army in Crimea might succeed in establishing a junction with the Polish army. Our comrades should bear these facts in mind when they consider whether our civil wars against Denikin, Kolchak, and Yudenich were not also national wars against foreign invasion. Every capitalist newspaper in England and France has understood perfectly well that our civil war was at the same time a war for Russian independence; a struggle to defeat the efforts of French, English, and American capitalists to make Russia an Entente colony. Russia emerged from the imperialist World War a conquered country. It was defeated by German imperialists. However, when English, American, and French imperialists conquered German imperialism, they in turn looked upon Russia as their legitimate booty. The men who aspired to shape the destiny of mankind at Versailles dealt with territories belonging to the former Russian Empire as if they were their own private property, without asking the people who lived in those territories whether they wanted to be separated from Russia or not. They supported Denikin, Kolchak, and Yudenich not only in order to crush the Workers' and Peasants' government, but also because they were convinced that the Russian reactionaries in case they won with Entente aid, would be entirely dependent upon and subservient to Entente capitalism. In order to guarantee this dependence and subservience, England attempted to acquire the islands of Dago and Oesel, which command the Gulf of Finland and therefore the approach to Petrograd. The English had also seized all roads leading to the Black Sea. English, Americans, and French joined in insisting that Denikin should deliver raw

materials to them as soon as possible.

It was precisely this effort of foreign capitalists to convert Russia into a colony which defeated the attempt to destroy us through such agents as Denikin, Kolchak, and Yudenich. The Englishmen and Frenchmen, who erected border states to serve their selfish interests against the wishes of Denikin, and exhibited to the whole world in countless other ways their grossly self-seeking purposes, aroused the distrust of the rank and file of the Volunteer Army. This distrust caused the common soldiers to be half-hearted in fighting for Denikin and Kolchak, and made it easy for the Red army to overcome them. Moreover, there is no question but what part of the old officers, who sided with us in our civil war against Denikin and Kolchak, did so because they were convinced that Soviet Russia after defeating Denikin, Kolchak, and Yudenich would seek to unite all the territories inhabited by Russians, and to defend our country from the shameful fate of becoming the colonial booty of Russia's former allies. None the less, however, the civil wars fought by the Russian proletariat have been primarily against Russian capitalism and Russian landlords, for the purpose of introducing Communism. The first condition for attaining this is the territorial independence of Russia from the Entente, and the possession of a powerful military organization controlled by the Soviet government.

What change has been brought about in these conditions by the Polish offensive? First and foremost there is a quantitative change. For the time being we are dealing with a foreign enemy, with Polish troops headed by Polish reactionary officers. The Russian counter revolution has petered out, until it is no longer in a position to play a leading part in the struggle. If Po-

land receives reinforcements it will be mainly from Roumania, Finland, and Lettland and not from recreant Russians. The fact that there are no Russian forces of importance on the western front has had a marked effect on the sentiment of both the common people and the honorable and patriotic elements of the former ruling caste in our country. Therefore all of our people are more deeply impressed than they were during the civil war with the fact that they are fighting for national independence. The Entente masks its policy — it strives to conceal its ambition to make our country a colony by raising a great outcry against Bolshevism, and pretending to be the defender of civilization and of a capitalist's social order in Russia. But the Polish government and the Polish press declare with cynical frankness that it is indifferent to them who rules Russia, provided Russia is sufficiently weakened. Every bourgeois patriot in Russia understands perfectly well that the Poles are not interested in overthrowing the Bolsheviki; for the Bolsheviki could have peace with Poland any day if they would only cede enough Russian territory to the Poles and pay a large enough indemnity. This fact evokes in the heart of every bourgeois patriot in Russia a sentiment of bitter national hatred for the Poles. Consequently we have a qualitative as well as a quantitative distinction between this war and the previous wars, in the opinion of the masses. Although our civil wars during the past two years were also national wars, the common people conceive of the Polish war as the only one having that character.

The distinction, however, is only on the surface. Every one of our civil wars was a national war, was an effort to unite the Russian territories under the control of a dictatorship of working men. Each was a fight in defense

of the independence of the country, and to liberate it from foreign and domestic capitalism. The war against Poland may develop the character of a bitter conflict with Russian reactionaries, if the Polish reactionaries win a signal victory over us. On the other hand, the tension between the classes in Poland itself, may convert the present war into a civil war within that country, and give it the character of a fight between the Russian and the Polish proletariat united against Russian, Polish, and international capitalism. The facts that this is our first serious battle on the western front, and that the revolutionary wave in Germany is rising daily, lend to the present war a peculiar importance for the proletariat of all countries. Communists should seek to comprehend the complicated character of the events which are now occurring, and should not view them with closed eyes.

[The Japan Advertiser (Tokyo American Daily), July 22]

JAPAN'S 'DIPLOMACY OF NECESSITY'

JAPAN'S 'diplomacy of necessity' is the fundamental fact of all her policies. Her people are increasing in numbers more rapidly than any other people in the world. Some of the Balkan states formerly equaled Japan in fertility but war has rudely arrested the process. Her soil, intensively cultivated to a high pitch, cannot much longer support them. They are debarred from emigrating where they might thrive and permitted to emigrate where they cannot thrive. The empty or half empty temperate new countries which the white man has preëmpted as homes for his civilization are locked and bolted against Asian emigrants. There is no hope that the bars will be let down within any future

that we can reasonably anticipate. Japan herself perceives and acknowledges the hard logic of facts and disclaims any intention of thrusting her emigrants on lands where it is only too clear they will not be allowed to settle, as things are in the world at present. This situation is in part the creation of the white man's necessities, and Japan therefore has a moral claim that he shall not interfere with her expansion into regions where it does not conflict with his own vital interests.

But Japan cannot emigrate to Asia where the doors are open. She is met there with prohibitions no less strong than those which debar her from California and Australia. In whatever part of the Asiatic mainland she goes she finds the Chinese emigrant competing with her and beating them exactly as her emigrants compete with and beat the white man in California. The only solution, therefore, seems to be that Japan shall become the workshop of Asia, just as Britain, a century ago in somewhat similar conditions, became the workshop of the world. But England was rich in many respects in which Japan is poor. She had priceless deposits of coal and iron. She was a generation ahead of the rest of the world in steam and machinery. Her population had the qualities that enabled them rapidly to acquire industrial efficiency, and her bankers and merchants were unsurpassed. Japan is not in anything like so favorable a position. She lacks raw materials; she has not yet trained her population to more than moderate skill in industry; she is not leading the world in new inventions, and she does not stand almost alone in respect of competition. The inference which we are expected to draw from these facts is that the rest of the world should stand aside, so far at least as China is concerned, and should recognize in Japan's necessity

her prior claim to utilize the raw materials and supply the markets of that country.

That is a fair statement of the case for Japan's 'special position' in Eastern Asia. Its weakness, from Japan's point of view, is that industrial competition with China is subject to the same drawbacks as competition in immigration would be. China is less industrialized than Japan, but that is because she lags behind Japan in political capacity. Given a decade of peace and order and moderately honest government, it cannot be doubted that China, rich in raw materials and in cheap labor, would move rapidly forward in industrial production. Where then would be Japan's prospect of becoming the entrepreneur of Asia? This aspect of the question does not seem to have been sufficiently considered by those Japanese who tell us, with an honesty which we cannot question, that Japan has no alternatives but a desperate racial war for her right to fertile lands where her surplus population can live, or the industrial primacy of Asia with preferential rights.

This 'diplomacy of necessity,' seems to deserve somewhat closer examination than it has received. The latter insists that at the back of Japan's claims in China 'lies economic pressure of the most acute kind, and the claim itself is part and parcel of a consistent policy for which the nation has fought two great wars and for which, if necessary, it would fight again. For the alternative, as the Japanese see it, is extinction.' Mr. Vanderlip describes it as 'a living problem, a problem of tomorrow's dinner for 57,000,000 people, and it has to be answered somehow.' Both writers are convinced that the birthrate of Japan is outstripping the resources of the soil so rapidly that relief is imperative. This is the start-

ing point of their argument, and it is evident that if they are right, the force of logic will lead them into far-reaching admissions. Without pre-judging the issue and without shirking the answer to which we may be led, we propose to turn attention to this important question of population and resources.

Everybody is aware in a general way that the population of Japan is increasing very rapidly, but few know how very new a phenomenon that increase is. According to Murdoch, from 1721 to 1846 the Japanese population increased by only 900,000, a rate of two and a half per cent per century; now it is increasing at the rate of one and one-third per cent per annum. Somewhere about 1700 the Japanese population reached equilibrium. The country was full; there was standing room only. An almost stationary population carried forward the civilization of the country under the Tokugawa Shogunate. The causes of this standstill were those which are invariably found in countries where the pressure of population upon the means of life has become acute. Sixteen great famines ravaged the land. Epidemic disease was rife. Harsh laws with death as the penalty for many crimes had their effect. Birth control was practised by means of abortion and late marriages came into vogue.

The opening of Japan and the introduction of the industrial system of the West meant a sudden and enormous increase of wealth, and the race began to multiply with entirely novel rapidity. In 1874 there were less than 34,000,000 people in Japan proper; to-day there are 58,000,000. We are sometimes told that the birthrate has begun to decline, and it is probably true that higher standards of living will eventually have the same effect in restricting births as they have had in other countries; but so far as we have

gone the evidence seems to reveal an increasing instead of a diminishing rate. In 1886 there were 28.8 births per thousand of the population; in 1911 it was 33.7 per 1000. The rate of increase of population remains stationary at about 14 per 1000 per annum, a relatively high figure. In spite of the increasing birth-rate there has been in recent years a marked increase in the death-rate of children. Whether the progress of the country will bring about a reduction of the death-rate without affecting the birth-rate cannot of course be foretold. Meantime it is evident that, but for a painfully high rate of mortality among those swarming babies that are brought into the world, the increase of population would be about one million a year.

[*Heraldo de Madrid* (Liberal Daily),
July 20]

OUR MORIBUND PARLIAMENTS

BY MANUEL BUENO

OUR professional politicians are threatened with a panic whenever more or less well-founded predictions are made of the approaching overthrow of Parliamentary institutions. Whenever a critic appears who asserts that the form of government, which Montesquieu considered most perfect for a democracy, is showing signs of decay, he is at once attacked as an enemy of liberty. People refuse even to think about the possibility that a political system, which we all privately acknowledge is discredited, may disappear. Reformers hope to purify and regenerate parliamentary government and to make it a true expression of the public will. But even admitting that such a regeneration might succeed, would that mean real progress in political evolution?

Possibly the doubt my words imply

will suggest to some of my readers the suspicion that I am becoming reactionary in my old age, and am about to join hands with the Carlists. Let these people be reassured. My suggestion is inspired by the political realities already confronting us. I believe that all this boiling up of revolution everywhere in Europe is the prelude to a profound social renovation. It would be premature to predict the features of that renovation. Will it assume the form of a definite victory of Bolshevik communism, which no one except a few visionaries anticipates? If that is to be the eventual result we need not trouble ourselves about it just yet; for Communism is still a long way off. Are our trade unions to determine the route of the new reforms? While this is not absolutely impossible, it does not seem probable. Yet we should hope for a change; for in my opinion it is a necessity of nature that civilized nations should renovate periodically their political institutions, approaching each time a step nearer to an ideal social organization.

A Swiss author fears that parliamentarism will be the first political structure to go. He suggests that, just when the old backward autocratic countries are adopting parliamentary government, the more advanced democratic nations are discovering its inefficiency and failure. It would be childish to deny that parliamentary government had lost its former credit in the very countries where it has previously possessed the most authority and influence. Its futility and precarious status in Spain are sufficiently indicated by the single fact that any kind of a Cabinet can obtain a majority; or in other words, that the alleged representatives of the people are either liberal or conservative, according to the man who chances to be in the saddle.

Turning to France, Briand himself has just compared the atrophied Parliamentary institutions of that country to a pool of stagnant water. What else do these words of the great orator mean, if not a deep disgust with the system of government to which he owes his own most brilliant triumph? It is an open question whether a mere patching up of the present system by such devices as proportional representation will be adequate. In view of the insistent demand for a new era — a complete sweeping away of the old — which the war has produced, it will not be surprising if the very principle of parliamentary government is sacrificed to the reform demands of the people.

The necessity of completely remodeling the present system of representative government is felt in practically every western nation. It does not arise, as some assert, from an inevitable drift toward a dictatorship of the proletariat. It rests upon the recognition of a deeper need for creating new moral ties within society as a whole. Men of great authority in Belgium and France are preaching the urgency of political changes which will foster the spiritual unity of the nation, and prevent the present violent party conflicts. In Spain there is less talk of reform, because the inertia of our governing classes makes them hostile to any change in our parliamentary system. They know no other way, and they are willing to learn no other way, of governing except by venality and favoritism.

In France, likewise, a parliamentary mandarinism exists, which is fighting for its ancient privileges with tooth and nail. It has managed to intrench itself in public authority. Accustomed to having its private personal interests promoted and defended under a political banner, it will not easily relinquish

this advantage. Any effort to reform Parliament will be opposed by these gentlemen as a reactionary effort. But will selfish interest be strong enough to prevent reform? A French soldier has just published an interesting pamphlet entitled, 'Representative Government Since the Peace,' in which he sketches a form of government which he believes might advantageously take the place of the present one. He asserts that the existing parliamentary system does not satisfy the actual needs of society. It is an outgrowth of the French Revolution, which intentionally abolished all intermediate bodies between the individual and the highest political power. According to the older revolutionary theory the nation was a homogeneous group, properly represented by a single and all-powerful Parliament elected by the citizens as a whole. But contrary to expectation we discover now that private associations — professional groups — which the idealists of 1793 abhorred, have risen again from their ashes.

The rapid growth of this principle of association is undermining the bases of the old system. Political and parliamentary centralization presuppose a social centralization which has ceased to be a reality. It is urgent to substitute a new organization, which shall officially represent in the government the interests promoted by these groups. Unitary Parliaments, which have had their day and are incapable of performing the tasks of the new era, should, in the opinion of this writer, yield their places to new organs of government really representing national interests.

There should be in every country a chamber of agriculture, a chamber of finance, a chamber of industry, and a chamber of labor, which should have ultimate jurisdiction in all matters in which the general public is not equally as concerned as their constituent mem-

bers, while the jurisdiction of the political Parliament should be limited to matters which concern solely or primarily the whole nation.

Futile and sterile partisan rivalries and conflicts, which have nothing whatever to do with the public welfare, should be made impossible. The different chambers mentioned would be organs of administration rather than legislative bodies, and their first function would be to promote the material prosperity of the nation under the general direction of the central government.

I have heard similar proposals advocated in Spain. They are likely to prove very attractive to the Spanish public, which is profoundly disillusioned and disgusted by the profitless debates and intrigues of Parliament. Yet are there serious grounds for expecting such a reform? I doubt it. All our political parties would oppose such a change, because the moment that our Parliamentary system was put on a business basis, the wordy windbags who now fancy they govern us would be out of a job. I doubt whether that species of our political fauna will ever become extinct. If the day should dawn when Spain were governed by chambers of specialists, who stood for real things instead of artificial images of things, what would become of our orators?

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Pro-English Radical Liberal Daily), July 13]

ON THE NORTH POLISH FRONT

BY HANS VORST

WHEN I left early in June, it was impossible to find out anything definite in Warsaw regarding facilities for reaching the Baltic lands. I was told that I might get a steamer in Danzig for Riga, but might have to wait for a week or more before one arrived. I

decided to try the direct route from Vilna to Dunaburg, although I was informed that the journey was a hard one. Trains were irregular, and no one knew in Warsaw when I would reach Vilna, which was still in Polish hands. There was not the slightest knowledge in that city of traveling conditions beyond the latter point. Talking with Savinkoff, a distinguished refugee from Moscow, the latter remarked with a significant smile: 'Yes, traveling was an easy matter when we still had a Russia.' He was quite right. In the old days a trip from Warsaw to Riga was but a comfortable night's journey. Even if the traveler did not have a sleeper, he rested very comfortably on the roomy, well-upholstered compartment sofas of the Russian trains.

Since I was to pass through a zone of military operations I had to get three Polish *visés* in addition to that of the Lett authorities—one from the police, another from the foreign office, and a third from the general staff. The general staff officer, in reply to my question, stated emphatically that I would not have the slightest difficulty on the route I had selected, meaning to indicate that no unfavorable change in the military situation there was to be anticipated. Looking back after the experience, let me remark in passing that to make this trip a person must have plenty of time, an abundance of money, and a surfeit of good luck. Otherwise he will never get through.

My good luck was remarkable. I was detained at Warsaw longer than I intended. When I arrived in Vilna, after an all night's journey, I learned that for the past five weeks no passenger train had gone beyond that point, presumably for military reasons. The first train left the day before. If I had arrived a week earlier I should have had to wait in uncertainty or have returned to Warsaw. As it

was a train would leave the next day.

I employed the time at my disposal at Vilna to get an impression of local conditions and sentiment. I conversed with Poles, Lithuanians, White Russians, and Jews. I found the best language to use was Russian. It was the common tongue everywhere. The Poles are endeavoring to crowd it out, and with that in view have established schools where teaching is conducted in the mother tongue of the pupils. For instance, at Vilna there is a White Russian and a Lithuanian gymnasium. This is merely for outward show, however, because teachers and textbooks can not be found for conducting higher schools in those languages. As a matter of fact, Russian is still in use except in a few primary schools where Lithuanian is employed.

Public sentiment seemed very pessimistic. Prices are high, though somewhat lower than in Warsaw. On the other hand there are fewer opportunities for earning money. The city has suffered fearfully from the war, having been at various times in the possession of the Russians, Germans, Bolsheviks, and Poles. Those with whom I conversed were skeptical of the stability of the present condition. The old watchman, who permitted me late in the afternoon to climb the ruinous, ancient tower of the castle, in order to view the sunset and to get a glimpse of the picturesque city below, was a White Russian. He complained bitterly that the old times had gone, never to return. There was no hope left, and the Bolsheviks or the Lithuanians would soon be back bringing new misery. His ardent wish was to have old Russia restored.

There are not many Great Russians left in Vilna. Neither are the Lithuanians numerous in the city itself. As soon as I reached the country, however, the peasants in one direction all spoke

Lithuanian, and in the other, White Russian. The upper classes and the educated people are mostly Polish. Half the population of the city consists of Jews, whose greatest fear is Polish persecution and who therefore are fanatical Pro-Russians, and cling to the Russian language and the Russian schools. If there should ever be a popular vote in this country, the Jews would be in favor of any other sovereignty in preference to that of Poland.

The following morning, after spending a night in the best hotel with an unanticipated freedom from insects, I left for Kalkunen, the last city occupied by the Poles. Second class tickets were sold, but the cars both here and in the Lettish territory are distinguished from those of the third class merely by signs on the outside. We constantly passed evidences of the great war. Long lines of trenches and dugouts bordered the railroad; fine old forests had been cut down or shot to pieces. The train crept cautiously and shakily over emergency bridges of wood, across deep ravines with little rivers at the bottom where, on either bank, you still saw remnants of the old solid iron bridges which had been destroyed and were rusting away in ruins. At the same time we were conscious of being again in a sphere of military operations. At intervals along the way were prisoners working under armed guard. Naturally they were Bolsheviks; that is, young, harmless, peasant boys who had followed the Red banner even less willingly than they formerly followed that of the Tsar. At one station a camouflaged army train was waiting under full steam. At another we passed a hospital train receiving freshly bandaged wounded men just brought in from the front. Soldiers were everywhere. The Polish troops whom I have seen make a good impression, although their equipment is rather shabby and

worn. Discipline is naturally not what it was in the European army. For example, the Polish sentries along the Dvina River were amusing themselves using up their cartridges shooting at fish. Furthermore, the Polish army is not numerically strong enough for the work before it. Reports as to the number of troops vary. They hardly exceed 500,000 or 600,000 men, and the Red army is certainly the superior in this respect. We must remember, too, that not more than 400,000 of these troops are available for use against the Bolsheviks.

We arrived at Kalkunen late in the afternoon and had to continue the trip for a few miles on foot and in carriages, crossing a pontoon bridge over the Dvina River. The magnificent steel railway bridge, which had survived the Russian retreat and the German evacuation without harm, was finally blown up by the Bolsheviks when they withdrew from Dvinsk before the Poles.

After I had successfully survived four baggage and passport inspections, I found myself in Lettgallia, to whose governor I had a letter of introduction. The population of this district is very mixed; some 254,000 being Letts, 77,000 Great Russians, 66,000 White Russians, 64,000 Jews, 31,000 Poles, and 5000 Germans. Moreover the Letts here are distinguished from their fellows in Lettland proper by being so largely of mixed nationality and by being Catholics, while pure Letts are Lutherans. They are also much inferior to their fellow Letts in education and economic progress. Dvinsk itself is predominately Jewish, Polish, and Russian. Before the war it was a city of 120,000 inhabitants, but now it does not number more than 36,000. Its factories were ruined in the course of the war, having been first 'evacuated' by the Russians, then by the Germans, and last of all by the Bolsheviks.

Many houses have been shot to pieces or burned.

Numerous dwellings even of the better class are empty; their tenants have fled, and they have been stripped of everything, including the doors and windows. Wooden buildings were torn down in many instances by the Bolsheviks, and later by the Poles, to be used for fuel. This destruction went on without any control. A man who wanted wood merely went out and took it from

the nearest fence or vacant building.

After the distressing sights which this demoralized city offered me, and a sleepless night, for which there was abundant reason, in a Dvinsk hotel, I gladly turned my back upon its wreckage and ruin, and finally after three days and a half of uncomfortable and tiresome but otherwise uninterrupted travel, my eyes were at last greeted by the slender towers of the fine old Hansa town of Riga.

THE SOCIALIST INTERNATIONALS

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), July 11 and 12]

1. *First International*

WE all recall 1848 as a year of revolution. It was also the birth year of the Communist Manifesto, that declaration of war against capitalist society, with which the followers of the First International seized control of the revolutionary movement. Rather curiously the theory of the Communist Manifesto, which represented social changes as the result of changes in the methods of production, was first conceived by a man who was anything but a revolutionist; by a typical Prussian official, the archivist, G. W. von Raumer. His exposition of this view, which the authors of the Communist Manifesto apparently used, was published as early as 1837. However, the exaggerated and one-sided emphasis of the tendency toward capitalist concentration, and the deduction from this that class struggles have dominated human history, are to be ascribed to the authors of the Communist Manifesto alone. Another new

idea in that document was the dogma that the time was approaching, when the long succession of class struggles would terminate through a final and successful revolt of the proletariat, who would thus venture a leap from the 'realm of compulsion' to the 'realm of freedom.'

However, the next few years brought the leaders of the new movement so many disillusionments that they were induced to limit their revolutionary activities 'for the time being' to developing its theoretical basis. Lasalles' agitation in Germany in the early '60's, the movement to found productive coöperative societies of workers which Bismarck viewed so benignantly, and the vigorous growth of the British Trade Unions, revived the hopes of the authors of the Communist Manifesto, who anticipated speedily a new revolutionary era. On September 28, 1864, the International Labor Association was organized at St. Martin's Hall, London, as an instrument for carrying on the work of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels.

The inaugural address of the First

International, which was written by Marx himself, reflects clearly the sober second thoughts of the founder of 'scientific' socialism. Its cautious phraseology betrays the wide differences of opinion which characterized the labor movement of that period. For instance, Proudhon's ideas prevailed in France, where an effort was being made to educate the workers in the direction of economic reforms. The events of 1848 had shown clearly that for the workers to get control of the government meant merely transferring authority from one ruling clique to another, without bettering in the least the rank and file of the laboring population. Proudhon was also opposed to Trade Union wage conflicts. Strikes and boycotts merely lessened the general prosperity, checked production, and raised prices. Proudhon's coöperative socialism made the stronger impression because the coöperative movement was precisely at this time making gigantic strides in England. Coöperation and universal suffrage were widely interesting the masses. They cared nothing for the moment about revolution. Marx accommodated his inaugural address of 1864 in a masterly way to this situation. Of course he did not pass over the growth of social contrasts, the dizzy multiplication of riches, the tyranny of the propertied classes, and the frightful misery of the proletariat; but he turned at once from these to the achievements of social reform, which he lauded as a step toward socialism. To be sure he did not use the word 'Socialism,' for it was a word objected to by many workers' societies which it was desirable to have connected with the International Association. While showing great respect for the coöperative movement, particularly coöperation as applied to productive enterprises, Marx prudently cautioned his hearers against placing

exaggerated hopes in this institution. Such coöperative societies would never appreciably alleviate the misery of the masses, unless they came to constitute a national system of production. Marx also carefully avoided mentioning Socialism or Communism in the constitution and by-laws of the International Workers' Association. He contented himself with interweaving his Socialist ideas as much as possible with the statutes of the society. His main object was to unite all reform movements among working people under his personal control and direction. Engels wrote in a letter in 1887: 'When Marx founded the International he formulated general rules which permitted all working men who were class conscious Socialists to become members at any time. . . . And only by a constitution of that sort was it possible to bring into being a truly International Society, to absorb the multitude of little sects and parties except the Anarchists.' One sees that Marx was, as he himself once jokingly said, no Marxian.

These shrewd tactics of Marx and Engels, by which all movements among the working men toward economic reform were made to contribute to a broader revolutionary action, and every labor organization, no matter what its primary purpose, was converted into a corps of revolutionary soldiers, were still further exemplified at the Geneva Congress of the International, in September, 1866. The Geneva Trade Union resolutions laid the basis for the coöperation of those Unions in the Social Democratic campaign. Marx and his associates actually succeeded through the First International in inspiring the labor movement with their own views. But while Marx's theories won over those of Proudhon and Bakunin, and gave the labor movement a revolutionary impulse, the unity was only on the sur-

face and the working men were not truly welded into a self-conscious class. During the war in 1870 and 1871, the first Socialist International collapsed like a house of cards.

II. The Paris International

Nearly two decades elapsed after the International Labor Association quietly expired in America before the Second International arose. Its predecessor first saw the light of day in London. The Second came to life in Paris in 1889 — *Nomen est omen*, in the hall of *Fantaisies Parisiennes*.

While the First International was an organization with a regular constitution, the Second was merely a loose association of Socialist groups in different countries. In only one respect was it more advanced, in the sense represented by the theories of Marx and Engels, than the previous body—it was frankly Socialist from the outset. To be sure, difficulties attended its infancy. While this Congress was in session in the hall of the *Fantaisies Parisiennes*, a Second Congress was simultaneously being held in Paris which likewise claimed to represent the old International. This second meeting had been proposed by the Parliamentary Committee of the British Trade Unions in London, and was actually called by the 'Possibilist Party' in France. German Socialists at first supported the project of a Congress in London. Then they changed their mind, because they considered it unwise to appear as representatives of Trade Union societies, as the English demanded. So they joined the Radical Wing of the French Socialists, in calling their own Convention. For two days this Convention debated ways and means to unite both Congresses, but without success. Subsequently, however, the Radical factions united as the Second International, winning prestige

through their endorsement of the eight-hour a day, and the May Day anniversary.

Although the Congresses of the Second International were often brilliant events, the intellectual influence of the organization was never large. It was chiefly controlled by German leaders, which meant a complete endorsement of the doctrines of Marx; but this merely resulted in the passage of innumerable resolutions, without bringing the different national groups into conformity with them. Indeed the proceedings of these Congresses indicated an almost fantastic disregard for realities. How strange the conclusion of Jules Guesdes' oration, as head of the French Marxians, in the Congress of 1889, sounds: 'Our comrades abroad may be assured that should a battle break out to-morrow, which our existing social contrasts invite and the political discord of the ruling classes encourages, that battle would result in a victory for Socialism. The era of defeats, glorious and fruitful though they may be, is over—is certainly over. Brethren from abroad, we guarantee you victory, and we are in a position to guarantee this.'

At the last Congress, held in Basle in November, 1912, socialistic phrase-making celebrated its most brilliant triumphs. The resolutions condemning war adopted there were strikingly disavowed by the acts of all Socialists when war actually occurred.

This failure is explained largely by the fact that side by side with the Second International was another international society, that of the Trade Unions. Both competed in doing lip-service to Socialism, but they followed opposite policies in practice. In 1912, the International Trade Union Congress was twenty-two years old. It represented in round numbers 7,500,000 members. These constituted the

backbone of the labor movement, and were absorbed with practical tasks. Here the German Trade Unions took the lead. They were represented by 2,500,000 members; while only 860,000 of the 3,000,000 members of the British Trade Unions belonged to the International Society. This organization was forced to keep its feet on the ground. It could not soar in the clouds like the Socialist International. It dealt with such questions as labor protection and wage policies, while the Socialist International theorized about world progress and world social evolution. The leaders of the Socialist International could soar as far as they liked into ethereal regions, because they represented a chaotic and unorganized mass of constituents. For instance, although there were 4,250,000 Social Democratic voters in Germany, only 970,000 were actually enrolled in the party. The rank and file of these voters were far less international in their sentiments and sympathies than their leaders, who drafted and adopted the resolutions promulgated by the Congresses.

III. *The Communist International*

Karl Marx promptly transferred the headquarters of the First International to America after the Franco-Prussian War, in order that the Society might die there without attracting too much attention; but the leaders of the Second International did not find so happy a solution for their difficulties. In various ways they tried to galvanize their organization back to life. The most ambitious of these attempts was the Stockholm endeavor to revive the Second International simultaneously with a peace movement. That failed, like all subsequent attempts to reconstruct the organization. During the last years of the war the problem was to reunite the Socialist groups in different countries. Since the war the

problem has become one of International Socialist tactics. The important thing now is not to get together the French and German Socialists; but to decide whether Socialism is to be attained by a process of organic development, or by the outright employment of force: it is democracy versus dictatorship. Legal evolution and destructive force are opposed to each other. It is now practically certain that a single Socialist International will be impossible for a long time to come. In the immediate future we shall have in addition to the International Trade Union Alliance, which has resumed its functions since October, 1919, two Socialist Internationals.

The Third 'Communist' International made its first bow to the world in Switzerland. Preparations for it began at the International Women's Social Conference in Bern, in March, 1915, and were continued at the Conferences of Radical Socialists at Zimmerwald and Kienthal. Robert Grimm, Carl Radek, Clara Zetkin, Angelika Balabanoff, and others laid the foundation for the Third International at that time. The victory of the Bolsheviks in Russia has made it possible rapidly to erect this organization into an imposing structure.

At the organization Congress of the Communist International held at Moscow in March, 1919, only minority groups of the Socialist parties of different countries were represented, with the exception of Russia. Since then, however, the executives of the Moscow International has waged a vigorous campaign to get control of Socialist movements everywhere, and have spared neither effort nor money for this object. The resources of a great country like Russia have thus made of the Third International a much more powerful organization than the Second International, which is not cordially

supported even by all moderate Socialists. So imposing is its influence that even a great party like the German Independent Socialist Party, submits to its dictation like a group of timid schoolboys. The leaders of the Third International scorn any proposal to unite with other Socialist forces at the cost of compromise. They will have nothing to do with the leaders of the Second International, unless the latter submit unconditionally to their programme. They are working to get control of the rank and file. Leaders may go where they please. For them it is absolute submission or excommunication.

The relentless energy of its leaders was shown in the initial meeting of the Third International. Men who had participated in the Zimmerwald Conference, like Rakovski, Lenin, Sinov-yeff, Trotsky, and Platten, declared that with the organization of the Third, or Communist International, the Zimmerwald Conference ceased to exist and that its books and documents should be delivered to the Executive Committee of the Third International. They based this demand upon the following characteristic grounds: 'At the Zimmerwald meeting several moderate 'Centrist' pacifists and other vacillators participated along with outright Communists. Many of the former have now associated themselves with the Bern Conference, composed of followers of the Second International, and have allied themselves with the 'social patriots' against the revolutionary proletariat, thus employing the Zimmerwald meeting in the interest of reaction.'

The Third International is distinguished from its predecessors and from contemporary International labor organizations in being an instrument of action rather than of propaganda and persuasion. Carl Radek writes: 'Its growth measures the growth of world

revolution. Its fate is therefore plainly marked out. That fate will not be determined by wars between governments, in spite of the conquests which the Bolshevik armies may make; it will be decided by the outcome of the struggle in every country between the champions of the established order and the champions of revolution.'

[*Le Peuple* (Belgian Socialist Democratic Daily), July 19]

REAL AMERICA

BY HENRI DE MAN

I AM spending several months on the Pacific coast, particularly in the Pacific Northwest, where I am making Seattle my headquarters. This is probably the part of America which at the present moment has the most to interest a social student. The West, and particularly the Northwest, has been the birthplace of most of the progressive movements in the United States. Here is the cradle of woman suffrage, the plebiscite, the referendum, and the legal minimum wage. It is here that the labor movement represented by the Industrial Workers of the World, the 'one big union' movement, originated. The first sympathetic general strike in America was called in Seattle in February, 1919. In this part of the country also has occurred the first effective alliance between the trade unionists and the farmers. Last of all, the Pacific ocean has become, since the war, the center of that great world conflict between imperialist interests in which the proletariat of all nations is most deeply concerned. Seattle, which is a sort of junction point for the United States, Japan, and Australia, therefore affords an excellent observation post for the study of all these questions.

Of course, a European gets no sug-

gestion of this by attending movie shows at home, representing life in the Far West. Real life here is quite another thing, where savage landscapes, giant trees, and rattlers are after all but rare elements in the scenery. The most interesting fights here are not the ones where actors, camouflaged into cowboys, shoot at each other with revolvers.

The large cities on the Pacific coast represent the last word of progress under our present industrial system. Without doubt, in no other place on the globe do the working classes enjoy such a high standard of living. This is due largely to the power of the trade unions, which enroll nearly one hundred per cent of the workers. Although the city of Seattle, for instance, has more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, there is no poverty and there is no demand for poor relief. Even the humblest citizens occupy their own cottages, each surrounded by a garden. The result is that, though the city has about the same population as Antwerp, it covers more ground than Antwerp and Brussels together. Except in the business quarter with its skyscrapers, the streets are bordered by trees and lawns. There is one automobile for every eight inhabitants, and there is probably not a private home in the city without a bathroom and a telephone.

The conditions I have just described are not confined to the large cities. I write this letter on my way back from the country town of Yakima, in the Columbia valley. This is a market place in an agricultural district, which irrigation has converted from a desert to a garden within fifteen years. There are still redskins in this part of the state. They occupy a reservation half the size of Belgium, which comes directly up to the boundaries of the town. However, most of these Indians

are farmers. They come in to the movies evenings, and are more frequently seen driving an auto than a horse.

Our Belgian peasants would certainly stare to see how the white farmers hereabouts live. Let me give a single figure. The town of Yakima has thirty-four thousand inhabitants and more than nine thousand automobiles, or one motor car for less than every six of the population. The farmhouses are like our suburban villas. All of them have electricity, running water, baths, telephones, flower gardens, and a garage. I have just spent several days in this district in charge of a recruiting campaign for the Washington Federation of Labor, and I have visited several farms every day. I did not enter a single farmhouse that did not have a library, and let me say parenthetically that socialist authors are well represented. This valley is in fact an active center of the Non-Partisan League, which stands among the farmers for about what the Labor Party stands for in Belgium. In nearly every farmhouse I found a piano or a gramophone. I spent a week at the home of one of these farmers, a man no better off than any of his neighbors. He had no hired help, and worked his farm with the assistance of three young sons. He had a regular office, with a telephone and a typewriter. In his library, besides the best English authors, an encyclopedia, and several works on agriculture, I saw Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Tolstoy, Henry George, John Stuart Mill; and quantities of Socialist Party literature included Karl Marx. His two daughters played Beethoven, evenings, while the men folks sat on the verandah in their shirt-sleeves, smoking their pipes and discussing Bolshevism, the socialization of credit, or Upton Sinclair's latest novel. Several times during these

evenings my thoughts drifted back to some farms in my home land of Flanders, where I was quartered during the war, and I asked myself what effect it would have upon our Peasant Union if our villages could each send a delegate to spend a short time among the farmers of Yakima, and learn what organization and education can accomplish.

This is a country which demonstrates that it is not misery which creates the most vigorous class consciousness, and that a régime of capitalist exploitation is most menaced where the common people have attained the highest degree of material well-being and education, as they have in the American Far West. All this country is just now the scene of a great revival of class consciousness, both among the country population and among the working men of the cities. It is a surprising phenomenon, especially for a period immediately following a war. Its most characteristic expression is in the alliance of the trade unions and farmers' organizations to support an outspoken collectivist programme. This movement has already

revolutionized the political situation in a group of states, including North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Idaho, Nebraska, Colorado, Montana, Oregon, and Washington, extending from the Great Lakes to the Pacific ocean. It has not yet gained a wide foothold in the East and South, but is extending rapidly in those directions. Even at the present moment it profoundly influences the general policy of the country, and it is the great new fact which disturbs the slumbers of old party politicians and threatens their monopoly of power.

During the last two months I have been studying the growth of this movement and the conditions to which it owes its birth. I am convinced that it is destined to have a marked effect upon the history of both the United States and Canada. I even venture the prediction that it will revolutionize the social constitution of all the English-speaking territories of the new New World, and lead them by paths perhaps distinct from those followed by European Socialism, but no less certain and direct, toward an eventual coöperative republic of producers.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

LONDON INTELLIGENCE

OBERAMMERGAU has fallen on evil times, and there is more than a possibility that the drama of the Passion as presented under ecclesiastical auspices at Nancy in Lorraine will take its place. Mr. Somerset Maugham, author of the diverting *Too Many Husbands or England, Home and Beauty*, has a new play on the boards, *The Unknown*, a review of which follows.

Mrs. Asquith's fashionable and cheeky 'reminiscences' have proved a boon to the press, and painters, photographers, publicists, and skin-food specialists have been employed to deny her denial of beauty to the daughters of the twentieth century. 'Autolykus,' of the *Athenæum* thus comments on the Victorian type:

'Between the 'thirties and 'fifties another type, the egg-faced girl, reigned supreme in the affections of the world. From the early portraits of Queen Victoria to the fashion-plates in the *Ladies' Keepsake* this invariable type prevails—the egg-shaped face, the sleek hair, the swan-like neck, the round, champagne-bottle shoulders. Compared with the decorous impassivity of the oviform girl our flat-faced fashion-plates are terribly abandoned and provocative. And because one expects so much in the way of respectability from these egg-faces of an earlier age, one is apt to be shocked when one sees them conducting themselves in ways that seem unbecoming. One thinks of that enchanting picture of Etty's 'Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm.' The naiads are of the purest egg-faced type. Their

hair is sleek, their shoulders slope and their faces are as impassive as blanks. And yet they have no clothes on. It is almost indecent; one imagined that the egg-faced type came into the world complete with flowing draperies.

'It is not only the face of beauty that alters with the changes of popular taste. The champagne-bottle shoulders of the oviform girl have vanished from the modern fashion-plate and from modern life. The contemporary hand, with its two middle fingers held together and the forefinger and little finger splayed apart, is another recent product. Above all the feet have changed. In the days of the egg-faces no fashion-plate has more than one foot. This rule will, I think, be found invariable. That solitary foot projects, generally in a strangely haphazard way as though it had nothing to do with a leg, from under the edge of the skirt. And what a foot! It has no relation to those provocative feet in Suckling's ballad:

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice ran in and out.

It is an austere foot. It is a small, black, oblong object like a tea-leaf. No living human being has ever seen a foot like it, for it is utterly unlike the feet of 1920. To-day the fashion-plate is always a biped. The tea-leaf has been replaced by two feet of rich baroque design, curved and florid, with insteps like the necks of Arab horses. Faces may have changed shape, but feet have altered far more radically. On the text, 'the feet of the young women,' it would

be possible to write a profound philosophical sermon.'

WHEN Mrs. Asquith asked the famous Dr. Jowett about the nature of his lady love, Jowett answered 'Violent, very violent.' The lady of violence is now said to have been Florence Nightingale, the 'Lady with the Lamp' of the Crimean war. According to the *Saturday Review*, Florence Nightingale was all that, as Lord Panmure and Sidney Herbert well knew. She was indeed the *furens femina*, or she would n't have succeeded in making the War Office answer her letters and do things. Had she married the Master, the cause of divorce would have been advanced half a century by two powerful advocates. Socrates and Xantippe would have been child's play to such a union.

THE first play in which Lionel Barrymore will appear during the coming season will be a dramatization of Blasco Ibanez's *Blood and Sand* in which he will take the part of the famous toreador. It will be in four acts and five scenes and will bring upon the stage practically all the many characters in the novel. The production will probably be ready in December.

WHEN at a French University some years ago, I was approached by a native student of English literature, and solemnly assured that the greatest, incomparably the greatest novel in our language was *Voodringats*.

'*Voodringats*,' thought I—what on earth can it be? I should have been puzzled still, had not the phrase *Les Sœurs Brontë* crept into the conversation, and given me the clue to *Wuthering Heights*. It is to me a quite unreadable novel, an affair of tragic puppets. It has been recently filmed. *The Times* remarks:

'The Brontës would doubtless have

marveled, but we feel that they would have accepted it all as a sincere attempt to preserve their genius for future generations by a different method of interpretation. They would not recognize the *Wuthering Heights* and the *Thrushcross Grange* of the film, because the originals are in ruins, but they would realize how much the producer must have been helped in his work by those who keep the Brontë memory green.

'Thus, for *Wuthering Heights* the Old Hall at Haworth was placed at his disposal, while for *Thrushcross Grange* he obtained permission to use Kildwick Hall. And in addition, he had at his command the moors, the stone hedges, the streams which Emily Brontë knew and of which she wrote, and the result is a series of natural settings which it would be difficult to improve on. The atmosphere, too, seems to have entered into the players, for Mr. Milton Rosmer's performance as Heathcliff is a really remarkable piece of work. His acting is consistently good, but there is one moment, when he at length accomplishes his revenge, wins *Wuthering Heights* from Hindley Earnshaw at the gambling table and then drives him out to the menial position which he had himself occupied—when it reached an unusually high level. The closing scenes, in which Heathcliff's mad hatred gradually dies down as he feels that Cathy is waiting for him in the Beyond are also beautifully played by Mr. Rosmer. *Wuthering Heights* is not merely a good film but it is a faithful reproduction of the original.'

L'OPINION is possibly ironic in saying: 'The American Boy Scouts have come to France to visit our Battlefields. Certain children in the United States receive the most methodical education in Sport.'

The Unknown

BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Colonel Wharton.....	Mr. Charles V. France
Major Wharton (John)....	Mr. Basil Rathbone
Mrs. Wharton.....	Lady Tree
Mrs. Littlewood.....	Miss Haidée Wright
Rev. Norman Poole.....	Mr. H. R. Hignett
Mrs. Poole.....	Miss Lena Halliday
Sylvia Bullough.....	Miss Ellen O'Malley
Doctor Macfarlane...	Mr. Clarence Blakiston
Kate.....	Miss Gwendolen Floyd

The village of Stour, in Kent, had an energetic young vicar, who was prevented from going to the war and who was also made pathetically 'interesting' by a slightly diseased lung. The Church Militant was, in the Reverend Norman Poole, almost the Church Pugnacious. That the simple, hearty fellow always said 'our brave lads at the front' when he meant soldiers we took for granted; but he was exceptional in the fervor with which, in season and out of season, he attacked the religious beliefs of his parishioners, should they not happen to agree precisely with his own.

It must be admitted that the gentlefolk of Stour gave every excuse to their vicar and to his tactless, good-hearted wife. They seemed to like talking about their faith and their souls and the most sacred mysteries of their religion in the drawing room over the tea-cups. There was old Colonel Wharton, a Christian of the true soldierly type, 'an honest, upright, God-fearing gentleman.' There was his wife, a lady of the fluffy, soulful kind, who maundered in sing-song about the 'dear Vicar,' and tried to behave as if she was n't a thoroughly practical and useful woman. There was Miss Sylvia Bullough, a devoted sister in the Church. With all these, of course, the Reverend Norman Poole was perfectly safe. And his safety encouraged him to attack — not, indeed, wary old Dr. Macfarlane, who was a deeply religious man, though he had

shirked church for 25 years, but two other 'brands,' which might be plucked from the burning.

One of these brands scorched his fingers badly. Mrs. Littlewood, a widow, came back from the death-bed of her last surviving son in France to tell the people of Stour how much she had enjoyed the music halls in London, and how pleasantly she looked forward to giving parties in her great and now empty house. And when they began 'going on at her' about her heartlessness and want of faith, she said she would rather play picquet with old Colonel Wharton than discuss her love and her religion. And when still they went on at her she sprang up suddenly from the card table with a thrilling cry: 'And who will forgive God?'

That, of course, was FitzGerald's Omar put into Mr. Maugham's prose:

'For all the sin wherewith the face of man
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give — and
take!'

But Mrs. Littlewood spoke it with all the force of her being; and later, when she 'went on' a bit on her own account at the Vicar and his supporters, she gave us the most dramatic and exciting moment in the whole play.

Mrs. Littlewood was acted by Miss Haidée Wright. You can imagine the shock of that sudden outcry, the intensity of passion with which her tale of misery and brave despair came hissing through her all but clenched teeth. And at the close of that act the audience would not be satisfied until they had Miss Wright before the curtain and thundered their applause at her.

The other brand was Colonel Wharton's son, young Major Wharton, home on a few days' leave from the war and on the eve of marriage to Miss Sylvia Bullough. This part of the story is less clean-cut than the episode of Mrs. Wharton, less susceptible of thrilling dramatic treatment. Major Whar-

ton is not by any means an atheist, as the vicar calls him; but after a year or two of real war he cannot any longer acquiesce in the doctrines of the Reverend Norman Poole. And though he will go to church, to please his people, he will not take the Holy Communion. The vicar talks and talks; his wife chips in with a rough hand. Mrs. Wharton coos and bridles; the Colonel blusters a little. The unhappy youth is forced to discuss in public subjects which he prefers to keep to himself. None can make him give way. Then Sylvia tries her hand. First, she declares that she will not marry him. Then, intoxicated with the luxury of woe, she plays upon him as dirty a trick as can be imagined. She cheats him into taking the Holy Communion. When he comes back from acting the lie to find that he has been meanly tricked, Sylvia hugs his cold rage and his hot shame to her bosom with glee. She has now a glut of misery. She has sacrificed everything, including her own honor and her lover's, to her ideal, and henceforth she can live in radiant and unrelieved woe.

Well, there are people like Sylvia Bullough; but they are unpleasant company. And there are people like the Reverend Norman Poole, but we are glad to get away from them in the drawing room. To set against these worthy but tiresome people, Mr. Maugham can give us no one but young Wharton; and he, good fellow though he was, did not take us very far, either in sentimental or in intellectual interest. There was no one in the play (not even old Dr. Macfarlane, with his Wellsian deity) who could be said to have 'come through'—no one, though the play is strongly anti-clerical, who could give us a view of life to set against that of the clerical party. To anyone who has read and thought at all seriously about these things, most

of the argument to and fro must seem a little shallow; to all who have not, it must seem more than a little dull and lacking in drama. Yet so devoid are most plays of anything like thought that Mr. Maugham's new play seemed at moments extraordinarily interesting; and we would gladly have sat out a far duller play for the sake of that outburst of Miss Haidée Wright.

Lady Tree was all herself as Mrs. Wharton. Miss Ellen O'Malley played Sylvia Bullough with fine conviction. Mr. Hignett did wonders of tact in the part of the Vicar, and Mr. Charles V.

The Two Egg Collectors

FROM recently republished juvenilia of Maurice Baring comes this 'Fable for Immoral Children.'

Once upon a time at a private school there were two boys called Anderson and Pearse, who collected eggs. Pearse had much the best collection, because he used to make splendid bargains at 'swopping,' and was not in the least ashamed of buying eggs; it was also suspected that he stole some; but he was much too sharp to be found out. Anderson, on the other hand, never bought; and his eggs were all 'end-blown.' It happened that one day a gentleman came down to see over the school, and being himself an ardent egg-collector, asked the boys to show him their collections. He was quite delighted with Pearse's collection; and said it was much the best, whereas he only laughed at Anderson's end-blown specimens. 'But,' said Anderson, 'Pearse *buys* his eggs. And he's stolen some; he says so himself.'

'Ah!' answered the gentleman, he is a collector, you see.' Two days afterward Pearse received a mysterious parcel, and inside it was the light green, red-spotted egg of the swallow-tailed kite, a very rare egg, which the boys used to talk about with bated breath.

[*The Dublin Review*]

AN OLD TOWN OF PORTUGAL

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

FROM what Goa is now, it is hard to believe what travelers tell us of her past. 'Great and full of beautiful churches,' says one; 'Rome in India,' says another; 'Well does she look from a distance standing upon seven hills, with everywhere colleges, churches, and glorious structures.' The Palace of the Viceroy was a glorious edifice; the Palace of the Inquisition had some two hundred rooms, and one of its halls was such that no king's palace had anything so fine. The large church still standing of the Theatines, which served as the Viceroy's chapel, was built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome! The Convent of the Franciscans was the handsomest and richest in the world—like one entire mass of gold, so much was there of this metal on its altars and huge reredoses.' The *Bom Jesus*, where lies the body of St. Francis Xavier, is another huge edifice, the sacristy of which for dignity and spaciousness would make a fine church for many a parish in England.

The Convent of St. Monica, the only Religious House for women in Goa, is an immense building, girt around—both outside and inside the cloister—with arched buttresses, each one measuring some twelve feet wide at the base! And now if we have any breath left we shall probably collapse, for we are getting to the church of the Dominicans. By the way, nothing of it now remains, but we know all about it, for it had a magnificent front, ascended by many steps, and the pillars of it were gilded. 'He who has seen Goa

need not go to Lisbon,' said the old proverb. And no wonder, for the Dominican church, we are told, surpassed the Cathedral. This is a vast edifice of the Seventeenth Century, with a nave a yard wider than our St. Paul's; the rest is in proportion, and those proportions are fine. Nothing could be plainer, yet so grand. Like most of the stonework here, all the inside is of rough laterite, a red porous pudding-stone, too rough to admit of any but the simplest mouldings; and the whole whitewashed over.

Almost the only ornament in this huge, simple Cathedral is the big reredos, covered over with saints and gold. Yet you feel you are in a real Cathedral such is the effect of size, of mere thickness, of strength and good proportion. More than this—good taste in ornament—we must not look for in Goa, or indeed in the Portuguese colonies elsewhere. What they wanted here was not refinement of ornament—but plenty of it. Hence those ugly little Cupids, and scrolls and curls by the square yard, to cover over the big reredoses and gates and screens. What they had in abundance was gold and unskilled labor and material, and vast ideas, and these they made good use of. What they had not in taste and workmanship they made up for in size. And all honor to them for it. For all true art, I believe, consists in making good use of what you have.

To travelers in the Seventeenth Century, Goa was a city of fabulous wealth: 'If the Dutch had not come,'

says Tavernier, 'there would scarcely have been a piece of iron in the houses, for all would have been in gold and silver.' 'These Portuguese,' he says, 'have only to make two or three voyages to Japan and the Spice Islands or China to become rich. Private soldiers, as well as governors and captains, amass great wealth by trade.' Indeed, in Goa the Portuguese soldier acquired a new social dignity. To the native Indians the Portuguese were top caste. Every 'homo blanco' was of good birth. And the Portuguese soldier played his part well. Past the Cape of Good Hope, together with his spoon, he threw his good manners, we are told, and his Christian modesty into the sea. Henceforth he was a *Hidalgo*, a *Hidalgo* at least, of the Cape of Good Hope, as this class of nobility were known. He gave himself a title, and remembered to address his comrades as *Dom*.

From her very beginning pride and vanity were the sin of Goa. 'They live with a splendid outside,' says Fryer, 'vaunting in the number of their slaves. Every man who thinks himself a little above the vulgar sort will have his *umbrello* carried over his head, another servant to carry his cloak, and another to hold his sword. They walk bareheaded to avoid the trouble of removing their hats. Jealous of their honor, they pardon no affront. To pass by a *hidalgo* without due reverence is severely chastised. . . . The Canoreins (Indian Christians) pay great respect to a white man, to whom, when they meet, they must give way, with a cringe and civil salute, for fear of a *stochado* (thrust with a rapier).' 'When the Portugals go in the streets,' says the old English version of Linschoten, 'they step very slowly forwards, with great pride and vain-glorious majesty, with a slave that carrieth a great hat or veil over their heads to keep the sun and rain from them. Also when it

raineth they commonly have a boy that beareth a cloak of scarlet, or of some other cloth, after them, to cast over them; and if it be before noon, he carrieth a cushion for his master to kneel on when he heareth Mass, and their rapier is most commonly carried after them by a boy, that it may not trouble them as they walk, nor hinder their gravities. When they meet in the streets, a good space before they come together, they begin with a great *Besolas manos*, to stoop their bodies almost touching the ground, and to thrust forth their foot to salute each other, with their hats in their hands.'

Yet these gentlemen of Goa were not always so pleasant to meet with, especially when several got together. 'By night,' we are told, 'they murder and rob, and make no scruple about killing a man for money. And they never make their assaults singly, man upon man, but most often four or five of them fall upon one alone and slay him, whether it be night or day.' Yet for all this the police arrangements, our travelers tell us, were excellent!

No *hidalgo* could follow a trade or calling without disgrace, nor could his wife occupy herself with domestic affairs without loss to her social position. The family income was derived largely from the labor of slaves. For no Portuguese could do 'vile or dishonorable' work; the others rather would maintain him at their own expense. The unmarried soldiers would often club together and furnish a lodging in common. 'These never go about the town but at most two or three together,' says Pyrard, 'not having more than three or four silk suits to serve ten or twelve of them. For all that, when you see them walk through the town you would say they were lords with an income of 10,000 livres, such is the pride and bravery with which they walk through the streets, with a servant

carrying a big *sombrero* over their head and their slaves behind. But when they get back to their lodging they promptly doff their silken garment and others in their turn put them on.'

Thus soldiers were an important factor in the society of Goa. But there were distinctions among them. The *Casados* were the married, *Zoldados* the single. The *Casados* wore a mantle, and were considered unwelcome travelling companions by the *Zoldados* who had to be more careful of their language in their presence. But there were other distinctions. *Reinões* were the new-comers who had arrived by the last fleet. But when the new fleet arrived the following year, this term of reproach was dropped, and they became Portuguese from Portugal, to distinguish them from the Portuguese *Castiço*, born in the colony. It was a grand sight, this arrival of the fleet once a year from Portugal. It consisted, our countryman Newberry tells us, of four, five, or six big ships, and was saluted by the ringing of all the bells in Goa. We are told that each carrack carried a chaplain-priest who was rated to say Mass on Sundays and holidays, but without the Consecration, for that was never allowed at sea.

Of the many institutions at Goa one of the finest was the Royal Hospital, excelling, we are told, that of the Holy Ghost at Rome and the Infirmary at Malta. There were 1500 patients in Pyrdard's time, all Portuguese, for there was another hospital for the Christian Indians, and still another for women. Into this hospital, Linschoten tells us, 500 patients entered every year who never came forth alive. Of those who went to the East, he says, not one perhaps in ten returned to Portugal. But not all died in the hospital. Many doubtless perished in the wars, and many made their homes

in Goa. Of those who remained, all got married in the end, and went into trade. Some remained because they had a sufficiency out there, and others less fortunate because they had not sufficient wherewith to get home.

Whatever the cause of their remaining, our concern here is with those who did remain, for from them descends the present Goanese race, not only in Portuguese territory, but scattered over India and the East. Though Christian and Catholic, they have kept their caste distinctions in the matter of marriage. After the Portuguese from Portugal, and the Portuguese *Castiço* born in the territory, comes, in the social scale, the *Mestiço* born of Portuguese father and a native mother. Of these, first and foremost comes the Brahmin, sometime descendant of the gods; then the *Chartyas*, the old royal and military caste, then the *Sudras*, the artisan and tradesman caste, and finally the outcaste, and slaves from Mozambique. The Jesuits in their day received only Portuguese into the Society. The Oratorians and Theatines, as late as the Nineteenth Century, received only Brahmins. The Carmelites of the third order were all *Chartyas*; while the Secular Priesthood only was open to the native Indian. Now, however, since the suppression by Portugal of the Religious Orders in 1834, there are none but the Secular Clergy left. The Archbishop and Viceroy have always been Portuguese from Portugal.

The *Gentios*, or Gentiles, were the natives who remained Hindu in race and religion. These were much esteemed as physicians, being often employed by the Viceroy and Archbishop in preference to the Portuguese, and even allowed the use of the parasol, a privilege reserved to the aristocracy. The Canarians were the converted Indians, an intelligent and able people.

Their children, Tavernier tells us, learned more in the schools in six months than the Portuguese did in a year. And so they were kept down and never allowed to occupy a post of importance. If a Canarian struck a Portuguese, there was no pardon, he had his hand struck off. 'These Canarians,' says Hamilton, 'retain so much of their heathenish superstition that they abstain from eating cows' flesh, out of the veneration paid to this beast by the Gentios, whose offspring they are.' It is curious how this custom still obtains among Indian Christians, more in the shape of a prejudice than anything else. Possibly the Englishman's prejudice to horseflesh is something of the same kind.

Of other nations, there were Arabs who traded with Mecca, many Armenians, Venetians and other Italians, Germans and Flemings; not to forget the New Christians or Converted Jews. There were also some English traders, at the end of the Sixteenth Century, who had unpleasant experiences in Goa. And one Englishman there was at this time in Goa justly famous. This was Thomas Stephens, the Jesuit, who composed the first grammar in Portuguese for the Konkanees, the language of Goa and the Konkan. He was the first Englishman to visit India. And his letters to his father in England first attracted the attention of English traders to our Eastern Empire. His suavity and learning are much extolled by our French traveler, Pyrard.

In the days of her glory Goa was the chief calling place of commerce between East and West. She was the greatest mart in Asia, says Tavernier, for diamonds, sapphires, and topazes; and we must not forget the pearls from the gulfs of Persia and Manar, the horses from Ormuz, the pepper from Malabar, the spices and nutmegs from the Moluccas. 'Formerly all the

Portuguese were rich, the nobles by their offices in government and other posts, and the merchants by their trade, till the English and Dutch came to block their road. Only the Viceroy does not trade — or, if he does, it is in the name of someone else — but he has enough income without that.' One of the best rewards the King of Portugal had in his power to bestow on a nobleman was the post of Viceroy of Goa. And indeed 'few monarchs had in their gift such posts as had this Viceroy. The governorships of Mozambique, Malacca, Ormuz, Muscat and Ceylon were his to bestow; besides the many offices in Goa and other towns of the Indies. During his three years of office the Governor of Mozambique carried off four or five hundred thousand écus of profit — and sometimes more.' With all this some of the Governors of Goa — not all reached the dignity of Viceroy — were fine men. There was Albuquerque, conqueror of Goa twice over, of Malacca and Ormuz. There was Vasco de Gama, first to find India by sea. There was Nunho de Cunha, conqueror of Baçaim, Daman, and Diu. He it was who cried out '*Humiliate capita vestra Deo*,' when a soldier standing by had his head struck off by a cannon ball. There was the great John de Castro who died in the arms of St. Francis, and who by the pawn of three hairs from his moustache raised money for his war with Guzerat. Then there was Constantine of Braganza who had a supposed tooth of Buddha thrown into the sea, rather than accept three hundred thousand cruzados for it from the Rajah of Pegue.

The court of the Viceroy, Pyrard tells us, was like that of the King of Spain himself. For in Pyrard's time Portugal was united to the crown of Spain. It was a grand sight when the equipage of the Viceroy passed through

the city. The drums were beaten the day before through the streets that the *noblesse* might be advertised to assemble on horseback outside the palace at early dawn. Here they remained, all in their best array, till the Viceroy came forth. On the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul — a great feast, as it well might be, in Christian Goa — accompanied by all the nobility to the number of two or three hundred gentlemen, all on richly caparisoned horses, the Viceroy proceeds to St. Paul's Church, the principal church of the Jesuits, where he attends Mass, and afterward dines with the Fathers.

The next personage in Goa after the Viceroy was the Archbishop. In those days, when the respective rights of Church and State were not so clearly defined as they are now, the Viceroy had much to say in affairs of the Church, and the Archbishop in his turn had something to say in those of the State. It was he who, according to custom, carried on the government conjointly with two others named in sealed envelopes from Lisbon, when the Viceroy died during his three years' term of office. His going forth into the city, however, was more modest than that of the Viceroy. He was carried in palanquin, accompanied by other prelates each in palanquin, the whole company being escorted by many gentlemen on horseback, and followed by numbers of pages and armed retainers on foot.

We have seen something of the parade of pride in the streets of Goa. It was the going to church, however, that offered the best occasion for display. 'All Christians,' says Pyrard, 'Portuguese, Mestices, and rich Indians, go with great pomp to church, followed by their servants, pages, and armed retainers. They are borne in their palanquins with their horses led after them, while their pages carry *sombreros*, chairs

or embroidered stools, and velvet cushions when they are people of quality. All wear their swords; and behind march their servants and slaves, whereof the richest have twenty or twenty-five. They always carry great beads in their hand, and a cushion is carried for them to kneel on. A servant carries holy water in his hand — always a man or a boy, for neither women nor girls may approach or touch the holy-water vessel.'

So far the gentlemen — let us see how the ladies went to church: 'The rich ladies of quality go seldom to church, save on the great feast days, and then superbly attired in the Portuguese mode. The gowns for the most part are of gold, silk and silver brocade, enriched with pearls, gems and jewels at the head, arms, hands and waist. The gown and veil of girls are of all colors, while those of married women are black. Most often these ladies enter the church in their palanquins. One maid-servant or slave carries an *alcatif* (a rich carpet), another two costly cushions, others a finely gilt chair of China wood, a velvet bag with book, handkerchief, and other things inside, a fine mat to put over the carpet, and a fan, and other requisites. On getting down from the palanquin a page holds their hand, for they cannot walk alone, owing to the height of their chapins,* often half a foot off the ground. A man carries holy water of which she partakes; then she proceeds to her place, forty or fifty paces off, taking at least a good quarter-of-an-hour to get there, so gravely and deliberately does she step. In her hand she carries beads of gold, pearl or other precious stones. Her children she makes walk in front of her, while behind follow the female servants and slaves — sometimes fifteen or twenty of them, richly attired in silk

* Chapins were the high cork soles of the shoes worn by fashionable women of this time in Spain.

of all colors, with a large veil and manta over them, but these are not habited in Portuguese fashion.'

We shall not be accused of rash judgment if we suspect there was a good deal of the pride of life at this time among the ladies and gentlemen of Goa. Doubtless there were many good Christians who went to church with becoming modesty. But these did not attract the attention of our travelers. And even among the proud dames and hidalgos of Goa, when once inside the church and settled in their place, there was doubtless some display of piety. For at the Elevation, we are told, everyone raises his hand as though to point to the Host, and cries out with a loud voice, '*Deos de Misericordia*,' and strikes his breast.

But the wealth and pride of Goa did not last long. *The grass hath withered and the flower fallen because the spirit of the Lord hath blown upon it.* Her rise was rapid, but the greater part of her short history is the history of her fall. The site of the city had been badly chosen, being too much shut in with hills to be healthy. As early as in 1570,* a pestilence, caused by the dead carcass of an elephant polluting the waters of a lake, had swept away large numbers of her inhabitants. Again in 1635 a pestilence broke out and raged for several years. Changes in the river rendered the city still more unhealthy, making navigation dangerous even for the small craft of that day. Other causes, more remote but equally inevitable, were preparing the ruin of Goa. Portugal was far too small a country to retain for many years that long line of her conquests in the East. Mozambique, Ormuz, the west coast of India, Ceylon, Bengal, Malacca, involving a territory of some four thousand square leagues,— not to speak of the immense

country of Brazil in the West,— all this was far too large a portion of the earth's surface for that brave little country to digest; and three thousand recruits a year from that small corner of Europe was more than her population could supply. '*Comrades*,' said the Viceroy Ataida, '*I mean to preserve all*, and so long as I live the enemy shall not gain one inch of ground.' Yet the folly of retaining these territorial conquests had long been evident in Portugal; and Ataida himself had gone out from Europe with a policy of concentration on a diminished line of forts. But wisdom in counsel did not prevail, and Portugal, unable to save herself, for sixty years fell under the power of Spain.

And so the clouds gather. In 1603 the Dutch blockade Goa. In 1622 Ormuz falls to the English. Formosa, Malacca, Ceylon and Malabar, one by one are seized by the Dutch, their fleets are captured, and their commerce driven from the seas. Then follows for Goa her period of poverty and shame. Tavernier, in 1648, remarks on the indigence fallen upon the city since his first visit a few years before. Mysterious ladies have themselves carried in their palanquins to the doors of his lodging, to beg a portion of his evening meal. In 1674 the Mahrattas threaten the city by land; and, ten years later, Servagee — he ought to have been dead, it seems, at this time — but no matter, the story goes that he raised against the town some batteries which would have annoyed it very much had not a Portuguese lady, named Donna Maria, in a sally got into their redoubts and cut the enemy to pieces; which so struck the Mahrattas with terror that they quitted their posts and fled. This lady, says Hamilton, had come to India in man's attire in quest of a gentleman who had promised her marriage. Having found him she chal-

* The city had been taken by the Portuguese in 1510.

lenged him at sword and pistol; but he, choosing rather to settle the quarrel amicably, all ended peacefully in marriage. That they lived happily ever afterward we have no reason to doubt. At all events, in 1705 Donna Maria was still drawing her pay as Captain.

One after the other misfortunes fall upon the city. In 1739 the Mahrattas overrun her territory. During the Eighteenth Century she costs Portugal a large sum annually, besides two thousand European soldiers to defend her from her neighbors, the Mahrattas. But from 1790, when the Iberian peninsula is overrun by the French, Lisbon has enough to do to take care of herself; and from the end of the century till 1815 she is under the protection of a British garrison. As far back as 1759, after a century of foolish expenditure, and every attempt to repeople it had failed, the ruin of the city was complete. Malaria, plague, cholera, and Mahrattas had done their worst, and now came the last of her misfortunes — the suppression of the Jesuits. The remainder of the population draws together at Pangim, some few miles westward along the river, and thither the Viceroy removes the seat of government. Seventy years later, the Superior of the Augustinians wrote: '*Il ne reste de cette ville que le sacré; le profane en est entièrement banni.*' From a population of two hundred thousand nothing now remains of Goa but a few large churches, a few priests and caretakers, some coffee booths for the pilgrims, and palm groves rustling in the wind.

'*Castigarit te Dominus in operibus manuum tuarum.*' Yes! Goa has been punished; her people are scattered, and only the sacred part of the city remains. That her wickedness deserved it we do not doubt. But let the great city without stain among us cast the first stone. The circumstances of Goa's

foundation and growth were abnormal. The soldier, as we know in the India of to-day, is not an ideal element in a population for the planting and spreading of a Christian state; and material well-being propagated by a conquering warrior-state is not the best soil for a new Church. And let us get what comfort we can in knowing that travelers in search of gain and adventure are not the witnesses we should choose to tell us of the morals of a people. Wickedness and crime cannot be hid; but the quiet virtues of home life do not come within a traveler's range of observation. Nor has history any place here to gauge the morality of a people. History takes note of the exceptional, whether good or bad. It may tell us of the crimes and venality of Portuguese officers in the East, and the wonders that accompanied the travels of a great saint. But what is merely right and normal is beyond its sphere. This passes unnoticed because it is what it should be. Moreover, what is good proclaims and emphasizes what is bad. Where is no law there is no crime.

There are few scandals among the savages; and animals have no crimes. The higher the norm of conduct the more startling is the aberration when it occurs. Why is their Catholicity so often a reproach to a people? Because they know what is good and right, and something better is expected of them. What is normal among pagans is a scandal in a Catholic city. It is the intensity of light that makes the blackness of the shadows. For we all feel the incongruity of wickedness in close proximity to what is sacred and divine. So was it in Goa. It was the lofty ideal of a Christian state that showed up the crimes of her officers. It was the number of her churches and priests and monasteries that emphasized the transgressions of her people. And if in the

dwellers of the monastery and the sanctuary there was cause for reproach, it is the loftiness of their state that makes a tragedy of their fall. In Goa the circumstances were peculiar. Christian Portugal had set before her a noble ideal, the spreading of the Portuguese realm and trade together with the realm of Christ. The Church had gone out to the East hand in hand with the State. And if the Archbishop, as we have seen, had somewhat to say in affairs of State the Viceroy had still more to say and do in those of the Church. It was a long way in those days from Goa to Rome, and the civil governor was on the spot.

But with all her wealth and wickedness there is another side to Goa. As you stand to-day in the vast empty nave of her Cathedral, with one solitary half-clothed Indian kneeling on the bare stone flags, you look up at those big plain piers and vaults; and you wonder at the zeal and ambition, and — dare we say it? — the piety and faith, of these Portuguese adventurers, discovering the ancient East across the seas; conquering twice over in one year this large foothold of Indian territory for their Eastern Empire; and then settling down in all serenity to build a new Portugal in the mysterious East. And you become conscious that there is something more than Portugal here. What you see here is the Church, the Catholic Church, planted boldly in Pagan India. Even now in the midst of this desert you see a goodly number of priests and canons in the huge choir, the Divine Office is worthily gone through every day, the old bells still ring, and the organ, too, rolls and rumbles and squeaks as we have often heard it rumble and squeak in the old-world cities of Italy. Yes, and here comes the priest with assistants, in cloth of gold all faded and worn, and the Sacrifice is made decorously in the

midst of these bare walls and benchless pavement. The little dark-faced acolyte in the choir, with his black legs showing beneath the red soutane, tells us of India clothed with the garment of Christian Rome. 'Though black, I am beautiful,' she says, 'because the hot sun of a Pagan land has colored me, but I am beautiful in my Catholic soul.'

Yes; Goa is something more than Portuguese. She is the door of Catholicity in these latter days to the Pagan East. The Seminary of Santa Fé, founded here for the education of Christian India, was handed over to St. Francis and his companions of the Society, changing its name thereupon to the College of St. Paul, the College of the Apostle to the Gentiles. Hence, 'Paulistas' the Jesuits of Goa have ever since been called. This college was the beginning of the Indian Apostolate, the rising sun to enlighten those that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. Hither, each Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, a long line of Indians, bearing palm branches in their hands, was seen wending its way to the church for baptism. 'It was here that some three thousand Indian and Portuguese students learned their faith. From here, on leaving class, the younger children would parade the streets to attract the Pagans to the faith, chanting their creed and orisons as they went.'

Yes! With all her riches and her crimes, Goa has another side to her history. She is the door by which Catholic Christianity in these latter times has entered into and seated herself down in India and the Pagan East. Even now there are over a hundred priests of the Patriarchal Metropolis of Goa laboring in various parts of British India. Every lover of Christian Chivalry admires the spirit of the Crusades. But the ambition of Portugal at its

best was something more than the rescue of an empty tomb. It was to propagate the living mystic Body of Christ throughout the East. Doubtless she had other motives too; adventure, trade, and empire. None the less that ambition to spread the kingdom of Christ was a real one, and she actually did to a large extent effect what she undertook to do. She came for neophytes for baptism — and spices too; she got both. If her proselytism spoilt her trade, and her greed and cruelty mocked her apostolate, there was much of success in both. It was a grand effort and a great ideal; but, like all great efforts in this world, as the world to-day witnesses, marred by many blemishes.

Yes, there is another and a sacred side to Goa; and, whatever she may have been in the past, we can say now that her sacred character has prevailed over her default. '*Completa est malitia eius, dimissa est iniquitas illius.*' Goa is now the sacred city of the Saint — Francis Xavier. The Sanctuary remains, and the body of the Saint. Goa is now the Holy City, a place of pilgrimage for pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Nothing now remains unworthy of the treasure of her sanctuary to pollute the holiness of the place. 'The uncircumcised and the unclean shall no more pass through her.' Perhaps there is not another city in the world of which we can say that all the secular and profane has been banished, and only the Church and her Sanctuary remain. No one goes any more to Goa for trade or pleasure, but only pilgrims to the Tomb of a Saint. A great picture we place in a simple frame, for no richness of ornament can be worthy of it. And thus has Divine Providence designed the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. Perhaps he lies in a desert place because no city's populace could be worthy of him.

[*The New Statesman*]

AN ESSAY ON RAILROAD FARES

It is delightful to see the public mind inflamed by the proposed increase of railway fares. Many people had come to the conclusion that the public mind was no longer capable of being inflamed by anything short of the fires of the last judgment. We seemed to have lost the power of sensation with regard to new bloodshed and new taxes. We still cried out intermittently under the burden of prices, but our cries were those of a poor animal under the whip of its master, destiny. They were cries of pain rather than of protest. We had a feeling that the age of ruin had come upon us, that the Millerands, the Geddeses, and all the rest of them, were instruments of fate whom it was a waste of breath to criticize. At length, however, something has occurred which suggests that we are not going to accept the complete ruin of our favorite planet without a struggle, or at least without a wriggle. We could forgive our rulers the ruin of Russia, the ruin of Central Europe, the ruin of Parliament, the ruin (especially) of Ireland: we could not quite forgive them for ruining our summer holidays.

The increase of fares would not, perhaps, affect the average man's expenses during his holidays to the extent of more than a few shillings, but we felt that those few shillings were the last straw. We are not sure that a mistake has not been made in over-emphasizing the holiday aspect of the higher fares. To do so is to give the government a chance of appearing positively benevolent by postponing the new tax on travel till the first holiday rush is over. What people are really crying out against just now is not the small restriction on this year's holiday-making, but the permanent restriction on their

freedom to travel. We feel instinctively that the power to travel is one of the greatest boons conferred by civilization on the human race. We can forgive much even to the Roman Empire because it was the pioneer of good roads. We may not like the Romans, but at least they deserve the credit of having been the first people to enable a peaceful citizen to see Europe in comparative comfort and safety.

It has been said that travel in the first century after Christ was on the whole safer than in almost any succeeding century until the eighteenth. No doubt there were enough robbers on the road to make it an adventure to travel alone, and the crosses on which some of them had been crucified stood by the roadside to remind a traveler of his peril. But, as regards most things, travel in the first century and in the seventeenth century was curiously alike. Even the speed at which one traveled hardly changed. Sixty or seventy miles a day was considered good going in the days of Nero; about the beginning of the seventeenth century it was only by using the fastest post-horses that one could cover from seventy to one hundred and fifty miles a day.

The hotel system, indeed, had improved somewhat in the meantime. There were inns in Elizabethan England that could accommodate two or three hundred persons with their horses, and so keen was the competition among them that an innkeeper would sometimes spend as much as forty pounds on a showy signboard. In some respects, these inns seem to have surpassed certain backward country hotels of the present day. Each guest, we are told, was guaranteed clean sheets 'wherein no man hath been lodged since they came from the laundress or out of the water wherein they were last washed.' The Romans, too,

had hotels with signs such as the Cock and the Eagle. But they were not noted for cleanliness or comfort. Rich men in those days seem either to have taken their baggage and tents along with them or to have thrown themselves on the hospitality of the best families in the districts they visited. No traveler nowadays — not even an American — takes about with him such a caravan of luxuries as accompanied Poppæa on her holidays, when she drove out with a train of five hundred asses to provide the milk for her luxurious bath. We are more austere nowadays, or perhaps it is that we have discovered more portable molllients. We doubt, however, if in these days even a profiteeress would be allowed by public opinion to preserve her skin with such a Noah's Ark of ostentation.

Elizabeth's Englishmen were certainly less luxurious. It is probable that the sight of a coach was rarer in sixteenth-century England than in first-century Rome. 'A coach,' we are told, 'was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement.' Men still traveled for the most part on post-horses, for which the controlled price was threepence a mile or, for Civil Servants, twopence-halfpenny. If you wished to travel out of the beaten track, where post-horses and stages were unknown, you could hire a horse for eightpence a day after the first day, which cost a shilling. It was a common thing, however, for a traveler to buy a horse when setting out on a journey and to sell it again when he got home. In spite of the difficulties and discomforts of travel, Englishmen were even then considerable travelers. So incurably romantic a race could not easily stay at home while there were tales of countries running with gold and inhabited by monsters with the faces of dogs and the tails of cows. Not

that they cared much for foreigners even then. There were Englishmen who came home with foreign clothes and foreign manners and, perhaps, foreign religions, but they were constantly falling under the lash of the native satirists.

Shakespeare himself, though he had an objectionable habit of making foreigners his principal characters, mocked at the English traveler who adopted foreign ways. As for the average Englishman of those times, he had as little sympathy with foreigners as he has at the present day. We have the testimony of a visitor to Elizabethan London that 'the inhabitants are magnificently appareled, and are extremely proud and over-bearing; and because the greater part, especially the tradespeople, seldom go into other countries, but always remain in their houses in the city attending to their business, they care little for foreigners, but scoff and laugh at them.' We have often heard it said that the Englishman is more insular to-day than he was during the reign of Elizabeth. We are told that he was then an inhabitant of Europe, whereas he is now an inhabitant of an island. We question whether there is much truth in this view. We fancy the Englishman always took his island about with him. He never went among foreigners because he liked them, but only because either he hoped to make something out of them or because he enjoyed the spectacle of such queer animals and their queer ways.

Englishmen travel more to-day — or at least they did before the war — than ever they traveled before. The Englishman's travels merely confirm him in his view of foreigners. We admit, however, that it is easier nowadays than ever in the past to travel in foreign countries without coming into contact with foreigners. Everywhere over the Continent are hotels that are

little outposts of England, where one can order one's room and one's meals in English, talk to English men and women at the dinner table, and even find an English church to attend on Sundays. Switzerland is hardly more of a foreign country to the ordinary Englishman than Soho. In both places he has foreign servants but not foreign friends. The chief points of difference between Switzerland and Soho are the scenery and the money. Certainly, the last reason for which the average Englishman goes to Switzerland is to cultivate the acquaintance of the Swiss. Foreign travel has its uses, however. It enables one to lay down the law about foreign countries with a specious air of intimate knowledge. Many a man can tell you all about the Irish question after spending a week on a char-à-banc in the neighborhood of the lakes of Killarney.

There is no better way of strengthening a preconceived opinion than by seeing the people about whom one entertains it. We go abroad, not in order to learn, but in order to learn that we were right. There may be some people whose opinions are influenced by their travels, but the influence is seldom lasting. They discover that foreigners are human, but, when once they are safe home again, a sensational headline in a newspaper quickly reconverts them to sanity. Do you think you can get to like Americans by going to America? If you do not like them now, you will never like them. Your pro-Americanism or anti-Americanism is acquired at home: what is the use of traveling thousands of miles merely in order to be able to agree with your own opinion? We admit that there is here and there a scientific or impressionable traveler who is amenable to facts. But the average man is not so amenable. He gathers facts into the net of his own generalizations. If an awkward fact

gets into his net, he knocks it on the head and throws it overboard after capture. Or, if he is a reasonable man, he admits it, but only on the understanding that it is an exception to his already invented rule. His attitude to his opinions is one of 'No surrender.' This helps him to persuade himself that he is the captain of his soul.

The average man does not travel, then, in the hope of discovery. All he desires is to get away. If he goes to Brighton, it is not so much because he loves Brighton as because he wants to get away from London. 'It's a long time since I had a change,' he will say. He will feel reasonably happy in any comfortable place, provided he can get a change from his workaday environment. You will see him sitting on the beach at Hastings, throwing pebbles into the water by the hour, perfectly happy so long as he is not at his office. But he makes no effort to study the manners and customs of the Hastings people. He does not inquire what is the local form of religion. He probably does not even know the name of the local M.P. The only Hastings house he knows is a boarding house. His interests remain London interests. He is tethered to London, though for the time being he is allowed a decent length of rope. The effect of higher railway fares would be to shorten that rope and, to that extent, to make him a prisoner.

Man, unless he is a philosopher, is only free when he is free to move about. The philosopher can travel in his mind; the plain man only in his body.

Hence, every restriction on travel is a serious restriction on liberty. Excessive railway fares tend to convert London more and more into an internment camp, and to produce all the irritations and ill-temper that have been noticed in the interned. Our fathers did not indulge in Sunday excursions as we do, but they did not need them so much. In their time, one could escape by walking. But a walk in most parts of London to-day is little better than a walk in a prison yard. There is nothing to rest the eye or the ear. One is not allowed to throw pebbles even at tramcars. London is a delightful place so long as it is not a prison, but, when once it becomes a prison, it is merely Pentonville-on-Thames. Most of us like living in it because we regard it as the hub of the universe. It is our imagination, not the evidence of our eyes, that makes London so desirable. Let our imaginations become pessimistic as the result of long confinement, however, and we shall rage against the place that we once idealized. Liberty is greater even than London.

London is the queen of cities so long as the door lies open. Shut every door, and the queen becomes an ogress. That, it seems to us, is the chief argument against extensive travel. Human beings are happy only under the illusion that they are free.

The great aim of democratic government is to create this illusion. Hence the extreme folly of making travel dear and difficult. It may irritate men into the discovery that they are still in chains.

[*The Venturer*]

SUNRISE AT KATONAH, U. S. A.

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Cool-breathing land of many a heart's desire,
Not mine, not mine!
Across your dawning hills
And resting lakes
From eastward comes the fire
Of a new day;
And all the listening air
Fills
With the noise of birds, your native quire.

Ceaseless they sing!
Deep earth drinks up the dew,—
The lakes their shadows;
Woods grow steeped in light;
Your upward face looks fair,
Your song sings true —
A melting loveliness. But not to you
Belongs the music of my memory —
Unending sounds, which only death shall part.
Alien I stand
Listening to strange delight;
While eastward goes my heart!

[Punch]

MY HEART AND MY DOCTOR

Friday.—I suppose one never realizes till one is actually dead how nearly dead one can be without actually being it. You see what I mean? No. Well, how blithely, how recklessly one rollicks through life, fondly believing that one is in the best of health, in the prime of condition, and all the time one is the unconscious victim of some fatal infirmity or disease. I mean, take my own case. I went to see my doctor in order to be cured of hay fever. He examined my heart. He made me take off my shirt. He hammered my chest; he rapped my ribs with his knuckles to see if they sounded hollow. I don't know why he did this, but I think he was at one time attached to a detective and has got into the habit of looking for secret passages and false panels and so on.

Anyhow, he suspected my chest, and he listened at it for so long that any miscreant who had been concealed in it would have had to give himself away by coughing or blowing his nose.

After a long time he said, 'Your heart's dilated. You want a complete rest. Don't work. Don't smoke. Don't drink. Don't eat. Don't do anything. Take plenty of exercise. Sit perfectly still. Don't mope. Don't rush about. Take this before and after every meal. Only don't have any meals.' I laughed at him. I knew my heart was perfectly sound, much sounder than most men's. I went home. I did n't even have the prescription made up.

Saturday.—Now comes the tragic thing. *That very night I realized that he was right.* There is something wrong with my heart. It is too long. It is too wide. It is too thick. It is out of place. It would be difficult to say *exactly* where the measurements are wrong,

but one has a sort of *sense* . . . you know? . . . One can feel that it is too large. . . . A swollen feeling. . . . Somehow I never felt this before; I never even felt that it was there . . . but now I always know that it is there — trying to get out. . . . I put my hand on it and can feel it definitely expanding — like a football bladder. Sometimes I think it wants to get out at my collar bone; sometimes I think it will blow out under my bottom rib; sometimes some other way. It is terrible. . . .

I have had the prescription made up.

Sunday.—The way it beats! Sometimes very fast and heavy and emphatic, like a bad barrage of 5.9's. Fortunately my watch has a second-hand, so that I can time it — forty-five to the half-minute, ninety-five to the full minute. Then I know that the end is very near; everyone knows that the normal rate for a healthy adult heart is seventy-two. Then sometimes it goes very slow, very dignified and faint, as when some great steamer glides in at slow speed to her anchorage, and the engines thump in a subdued and profound manner very far away, or as when at night the solemn tread of some huge policeman is heard, remote and soft and dilated — I mean dilatory, or as when — But you see what I mean.

Monday.—How was it, I wonder, that all this was hidden from me for so long? And now what am I to do? I am a doomed man. With a heart like this I cannot last long. I have resigned my clubs; I have given up my work. I can think of nothing but this dull pain, this heavy throbbing at my side. My work — ha! Yesterday I met another young doctor at tea. He asked me if there was any 'murmur.' I said I did not know — no one had told me. But after tea I went away and listened. Yes, there was a murmur; I could hear it plainly.

I told the young doctor. He said that murmurs were not considered so important nowadays. What matters is 'the reaction of the heart to work.' By that test I am doomed indeed. But the murmur is better.

Tuesday.—I have told Anton Gregorovitch Gregorski. He says he has a heart too.

Wednesday.—I have been learning things to-day. I am worse even than the doctor thought. In a reference book in the dining room there is a medical dictionary. It says: 'Dilatation leads to dropsy, shortness of breath and blueness of the face.' I have got some of those already. I have never seen a face so blue. It is like the sea in the early morning.

Thursday.—The heart is bigger again to-day—about an inch each way. The weight of it is terrible to carry. . . . I have to take taxis. . . . This evening it was going at thirty-two to the minute. . . .

Friday.—Last night, when I tried to count the beats, I could not find it. . . . It must have stopped. . . . Anton Gregorovitch says it is the end. . . . This is my last entry. . . .

Saturday.—My face is very blue. It is like a forget-me-not. . . . it is like a volume of *Hansard*. . . .

I shall go to see the doctor as I promised. . . . he can do nothing, but it will interest him to see how much bigger the heart has grown in the last few days. . . .

No more. . . .

Sunday.—The doctor said it was much better. . . . It is undilated again. . . . After all I am not going to die. But the reaction to work is still bad. This evening I make it sixty to the minute.

Monday.—This morning's count was seventy-two. It is terrible. . . .

[*The Nation*]

THE ETERNAL PICKWICK

BY H. J. M.

I TRY Pickwick on an average every eighteen months and have done so for at least fourteen years. There is a tale of the late Canon Rawnsley that he climbed some hazardous mountain to remove a poster advertisement of its charms, but it would surely not be inappropriate to have a special tablet erected over the tomb of Dickens to the effect that we (the English-speaking race) have found the *Pickwick Papers* a sovereign cure-all, that it dissipates all doubts, dumps, disappointments, and disillusiones, that it suits all constitutions and all complaints, and that successive applications of it over generations only increase its health-giving properties and potencies. This, indeed, is the unique heritage of the *Pickwick Papers*, that it is a prophecy of the complete integration of the human race, quite apart from the fact that it is the final corroboration of our being the chosen race, since it is written in English. The test of the human pariah is that he cannot read Pickwick, and a proof of the validity of progress that most men can and many more will.

Since men share Pickwick as they do light, air, and the senses, it is an impossible kind of book to write about. We take it for granted, and it is a wonderful thing that it is one of the very few phenomena of life that the most savage commercial exploitation, the most obtuse statesmanship, the most pretentious humbug, the worst utilitarianism, and the crudest violence positively cannot destroy. In a few years it may be the fashion for women to wear wreaths of babies' fingers round their hats, and we shall have hard work to prevent the extermination of

infants. But if every volume of every edition of *Pickwick* were pulped to stuff sofa cushions with or for the great curl-paper industry (a quite possible and indeed logical event), yet *Pickwick* would remain as real to almost everybody who can read as the *Atlantosaurus* was to Cuvier and Sir Richard Owen. Our age seems to have a kind of grudge against the gracious and pleasant things of life; it pores over death, and the air of graveyards smells woefully to it. But there is no boiling down the Fat Boy to make a face cream, no waxworking to be done with Mr. Weller Senior, no whitewashing with Dodson and Fogg. There they all are as imperishably large as life. And it is as impossible to analyze the imperturbable immortality of the *Pickwick Papers*, beaming out over the world through all human storms and darkness, as it is to analyze it.

All we can say is that it possesses something of the inexhaustible fecundity and insurgence of earth, of the impetus and multiplicity and toughness of life, its persistence and abundance of power, and that it is curiously generalized in character, striding massively along under the broad heavens. It is a chunk of literary radium, pouring out heat rays and streaming light which can penetrate the thickest metal, and can make even our dull selves radioactive while we are under its influence. Its gigantic creativeness brushes literary criticism aside as an elephant the grasses in its path.

Pickwick's spell over us is the more wonderful, since it is a mass of archaism. It is stuck all over with vestigial remains, almost as much as Rabelais, its only near neighbor in a foreign tongue. Its fainting females are as strange to us now as Mr. *Pickwick* sleeping off his drunken stupor in the wheelbarrow in the pound. One is inclined to think that the only modern

thing about it is its journalese, especially that preluding and carrying off the it-was-a-dark-and-stormy-night stories in which I confess to getting mired before I have waded ten lines. The sense of antiquity is, indeed, hardly disturbed throughout the book, from the palæolithic cricket match between All-Muggleton and Dingley Dell to the Fleet Prison. We should feel properly upset if Mr. *Pickwick* and his body-guard had started their travels in a motor-bus. The truth is that it all happened thousands and thousands of years ago, because it never happened. At Dingley Dell our heroes are Homeric, if only because of the mountains of food and rivers of drink they consume, but yet Dingley Dell is as romantic an embodiment of visionary hopes and desires as Beulah, New Atlantis, Cockaigne, and the Abbey of Thelema. It is a Valhalla of banqueting gods with Mr. *Pickwick* in the rôle of Balder. When that earth-worm realist, Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate), commits the unparalleled and unmitigated blasphemy of calling Mr. *Pickwick* a humbug, the fury of indignation which his vile slander arouses soon brings him to confess that he used the word only in a *Pickwickian* sense, and none of the privileged who explore this magical world can understand it unless they realize that the *Pickwick Papers* are *Pickwickian*. The charge against Dickens that his great figures are caricature is dull enough outside *Pickwick*; inside, it is oafish, for the world of *Pickwick* is not as our world, but the celestial one we hear in the thunder of its heroes' feet tramping its floor. If there can be a definition for this huge creation of a teemingly imaginative mind, I should call the *Pickwick Papers* an epical fantasy, as much fantasy as *Alice in Wonderland*.

It is all the more extraordinary then that we should be so perfectly at home

in this dream life, and on such intimate terms with its inhabitants that we are familiar with their every gesture and intonation. We know to a hair the way they move and say things, and there is no better test of the livingness of a novel. There is another thing. We have all heard over and over again that art must have nothing to do with morality, and never the twain must meet. They are congenital incompatibles, a very Stiggins and a Weller in each other's company. But when we leave the art office and go on the spree with the *Pickwick Papers*, we are at once plunged into a hotbed of propaganda. There is no end of it — propaganda against lawyers, against prisons, against the corruption of Parliamentary elections, against celebrity hunting, and so on in the concrete, and against pomposity, fraud, meanness, hypocrisy, cruelty, cant, stinginess, female malice, callousness, and uncharitableness in the abstract. Mr. Pickwick himself is a walking tract and poor Jingle a moral fable, and the author of their being makes no bones about dotting the 'i's' and crossing the 't's.'

There is a story that Charlotte Brontë complained of the *Ancient Mariner* to Coleridge on the ground that there was no moral in it, and Coleridge replied that what was wrong with it was that there was too much. Dickens might have said the same thing more intelligibly about his *Pickwick Papers*. Nor does this moral element stick out of the book like those terrible Christ-massy tales in it; it is an integral part of it, slapped into its structure with no finikin hand. Yet a fantasy it remains, a vast Gothic church of towering imagination, speckled all over with delightful devils and boisterous saints. It is said of the *Pickwick Papers* on the other hand, that it romanticizes the good old days and makes them like a

title page of Pears' Annual. But if there is a red fire from the Yule logs there are no red coats, and it is remarkable how different Dickens is from Fielding in this respect. Both expose the same stratum of society and both use much the same kind of tools, but the brutality in Fielding is totally absent from Dickens, though Allworthy and Pickwick, Squire Western and Mr. Wardle, and even Blifil and Stiggins are coined out of the same mint.

If the *Pickwick Papers* is not art, as we moderns understand it, and it came to a choice between them, I fancy that Mr. Pickwick would top the poll. For we make a great mistake in growing narrower as we grow older. The artistic and the moral elements never were nor will be opposable, and true progress lies in the evolution of our methods of fusing them, not in making tribal gods of each of them separately. Our specializations make us the slaves of labels. But the beauty of the *Pickwick Papers* is its unclassifiableness; it grew out of the mind of a man like a landscape out of the earth, whose bountiful all we accept and absorb with a thankfulness beyond demur and a content beyond words.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]

AN UNEXPECTED TURN

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

PIERRE DOUCHE, the painter, was finishing a 'still life' of flowers in a Chinese vase, when Paul Emile Glaise, the novelist, wandered into his studio. Glaise stood quietly for a few minutes watching his friend at work. Presently he said,

'No.'

The painter, surprised, lifted his head.

'No,' continued Glaise, crescendo,

'you will never hit it. You are a real painter; you have talent, and your art is sincere. But, your paintings lack punch, old top. They fail to arrest the spectator. They never take him by the lapel and bellow in his ear. In a hall of five thousand canvases, your paintings will never wake the visitors from their usual sleep walking. No, Pierre Douche, you will never quite do it, and that's a pity.'

'But why?' sighed honest Douche. 'I paint what I see and that's the best any man can do.'

'Well, old man, you have a wife and three children, and milk and eggs are dear enough. And there are more pictures than purchasers, and more fools than connoisseurs. Now, Pierre Douche, how are you going to escape from the rut?'

'By work?'

'Be serious. The only way of escape, Pierre Douche, lies in amazing the groundlings. Do terrific things. Announce that you are going down to the North Pole. Stroll about the Luxembourg dressed as an Egyptian king. Found a school. Shake up some words in a hat, and issue a manifesto. Deny movement or repose, turn your face away from black or white, from the circle or the square. Invent a four dimensional style. Be the prophet of cylindrical or octagonal painting.'

At this juncture a breath of a strange Eastern perfume foretold the arrival of Mme. Kosnevska, a lovely daughter of Poland, admired by the painter. She was a subscriber to the great art journals which issued costly reproductions in colors of the masterpieces of three-year-old children. And not finding in these magnificent pages any mention of the worthy Douche, she rather despised his work. Seated on a chaise longue, she glanced perfunctorily at the 'still life' and exclaimed:

'I went yesterday to the exhibition

of Congo art — the great period. What a touch, what force, what a technique! Ah!'

Douche pointed out a painting he had just completed.

'Nice,' she murmured at her lip's end, and humming softly to herself, tripped away.

Pierre Douche put down his palette and sank on the divan.

'I,' said he, 'am going to be an insurance agent. . . . Or a policeman. . . . Or a bank clerk. This can't go on. Painting as a profession is a washout. Success in it is only for trapeze performers. Instead of respecting the masters, the critics praise the Congo barbarians. I've had enough. Good Night!'

Paul Emile, who had listened, lit a long cigarette, and smoked it meditatively.

'Are you willing,' said he, 'to give the snobs and the pseudo artists the lesson they deserve? Can you announce to la Kosnevska that you are about to unveil a great artistic sensation which you have been ten years preparing?'

'I?' cried honest Douche.

'Listen. I shall announce, by means of two or three well-placed articles that you have founded a new school, the ideodynamic school. Till this moment, portraitists, plunged in the fen of their ignorance, have painted human beings. The more fools they! What they should have painted *is the idea the great man suggested to them!* Thus the portrait of a colonel might well be five gold stripes floating in a field of blue, a horse in one corner, and a decoration in another. The portrait of a great manufacturer might contain smoke, monstrous chimneys, and a clinched fist smiting a terrific desk. Do you understand me, Pierre Douche, and can you paint twenty ideodynamic pictures by the end of the month?'

The painter smiled sadly. 'In an hour,' answered he. 'Worse still, Glaise, this may actually come to something.'

'Let us try them.'

'But, really, I lack the necessary crust. . . .'

'Oh, don't let that bother you. When asked for an explanation, take your time, blow up a puff of pipe smoke at your questioner and say languidly—'Have you ever watched a stream?'

'And what does that mean?'

'Nothing, but it will be thought quite wonderful. And when we have been discovered, explained, and exalted, we will reveal the truth, and enjoy the confusion of the snobs.'

He little knew. . . .

Two months later varnishing day at the Douche Exhibition was closing in an aureole of glory. Humming and dancing, the lovely Mme. Kosnevskia lingered by the side of her new genius.

'Ah,' she cried, 'what a touch, what force, what a technique! The intellectual mastery, the revelation of it. And how, dear master, did you ever create the astounding syntheses?'

The painter took his time, puffed, and said languidly, 'Dear lady, have you ever watched a stream?' And the fair Madame Kosnevskia almost trembled with joy at the phrases.

And over his fur collar, the critic Levy-Coeur exclaimed to his group of hearers,

'Very fine! Very fine! I have long protested against a slavish rendering of the sitter. But tell me, Douche, whence comes the revelation? From my articles?'

Douche took his time again, puffed an enormous triumphant puff, and asked, 'Have you ever watched a stream, monsieur?'

'Admirable!' cried the critic.

And now a celebrated agent took Douche by the arm, and led him into a corner.

'Douche,' said he, 'you are my man. Let me have the right to launch these. Don't change your manner before consulting with me and I will buy fifty pictures a year.'

But Douche remained enigmatic and did not reply.

The studio emptied slowly. Paul Emile Glaise closed the door behind the last visitor. Alone with his friend, the novelist gave rein to a great roar of laughter. Douche looked at him with an air of surprise in his eyes.

'Well, old fellow,' cried Glaise, 'what do you think of it now? Did you see the chap in the fur coat? And the three girls who kept repeating "So new! So new!" We have certainly pulled their legs. Ah, Pierre Douche, I knew the gulf of human imbecility to be deep, but I never knew it to be bottomless!' And he roared again.

But the painter frowned, his frame shook, and he answered brusquely.

'Fool!'

'Fool?' cried the angry novelist, 'when I have just carried out the best joke played in Paris this year. . . .'

The painter's eyes, full of pride, turned to his twenty ideo-analytic portraits. With the force born of conviction he added, 'Yes, Glaise, you are a fool. There is something in this ideo-analytic style.'

The novelist, stupefied, gazed at his friend.

'Well of all . . . ' he cried. 'I say, Douche, who suggested this new style to you?'

Then Pierre Douche once more took his time, and once more puffed an enormous puff.

'Have you ever,' said he, 'watched a stream?'

SOME LEAVES FROM AN OLD SCRAPBOOK

JUSTIN MCCARTHY is not the only historian of his own times, nor is his the only way of writing history. A hundred years ago the scrapbook was no less a fashion than a delight, and if, for the most part, it recorded only the little things of current life, Miss Austen's minifying glass can reflect a period as well as Sir Walter's 'bow-wow strain' can invoke it. And as those white, long-dead hands, with the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Gazette* spread before them, selected and cut and pasted and, with many exclamations, added their comment, they had, perhaps, beyond their own moment, a care for posterity in which we, who no longer keep diaries, or write letters, or fill notebooks, are completely lacking. Certainly there is evidence that Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey, whose scrapbook shows an eye for the little things of compelling interest which would today make her value as a sub-editor above rubies, took herself as seriously as an Oxford College or an Inn of Court in preserving for those who came after her, to be turned into tradition, the morsels of history, gossip, and fashion whose appeal, so intimately human, could clearly not be confined to her own peculiar palate.

It can be gathered that she was the widow of Jeremiah Humphrey, Esq., who died in the year of Victoria's accession, leaving directions that his favorite horses were to be shot, and that his wife would 'oblige him' by seeing 'with her own eyes' the despatching of Redskin, and 'with her own hand' would pay an annuity of fifty pounds to the master of his yacht and twenty pounds to the 'coxwain.' He desires

that his body should be placed in an oak coffin which is to be filled up with quicklime, and that he should be borne to the grave by sailors and stablemen without a hearse. On the page on which she has pasted the will, but whether in connection with it or not there is no evidence, Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey has written: 'Our rural friends hardly know what idiots London contains,' and as a comment to her statement, 'I have no longer Jeremiah, but I have one hundred thousand pounds and what I can add to it,' she has affixed: 'Amongst the poor, refined love can scarcely exist at all.'

The majority of the cuttings refer to the movements of the Royal House. There is here everything relating to the death of the Princess Amelia, that 'father's darling' of whom Thackeray drew so pathetic a picture. Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey explains that a cross is a kiss and a half-cross is a tear, and so she has wept copiously over these commemorative lines of the Princess who was herself given to the composition of Poetic Addresses:

Ah me! yon Castle bounds our hopes and fears;
Hark! shrieks are heard; the people melt in tears,
Resounding Thames repeats from shore to shore
'Amelia, lov'd Amelia is no more!'
The nation grieves, but ah! who can aspire
To paint the sorrow of her Royal Sire?
Or, while affliction everywhere appears,
Describe maternal and consanguine tears?

Pages are occupied with the unfortunate relations of the Prince Regent and the Princess of Wales, which prevented 'the pleasing spectacle to a loyal nation of the leading branches of the Royal Tree happily united in domestic society'; and Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey

has again affixed her tears to the account of Princess Charlotte running away late at night to her injured and deserted mother in 'only a little pelisse and an Oldenburg bonnet':

Her Royal Highness actually ran until she reached a hackney-coach on the stand in Cockspur Street. She did not wait for assistance, but with her own hand opened the door and got in and instantly after the coach drove off. She was fetched back at three in the morning by the Duke of York, Mr. Brougham having hastened to inform Her Royal Highness that the laws of the land compelled her to obey her father's commands.

Of the later nuptials of the Princess to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey has surely gathered into her scrapbook every detail. The marriage was solemnized at nine o'clock in the evening in the Great Crimson Room of Carlton House, and after it the Royal pair drove to the Duke of York's seat at Oatlands, which they did not reach till after midnight. Some one told Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey that the next morning the Prince came down to breakfast in a blue coat, buff waistcoat, and black pantaloons.

'A bridegroom in black pantaloons! The death of one of the bridal pair within the year was thus made inevitable.'

Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey has also affixed her own comment to the lengthy account of the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to the Thames Tunnel. 'Precisely at twenty-five minutes before four o'clock, Her Majesty, Prince Albert and their suite landed on the Tunnel pier where the company was more numerous than select. Her Majesty and the Prince, however, continued to look remarkably well.' Against this Mrs. Humphrey has written: 'There is no doubt that in such cases special grace is vouchsafed.'

She likes pathos and sensibility. She has selected a series of verses which have as a truly melancholy but crisp

refrain, 'Her heart had burst — had burst,' and they are followed by an 'Ode to a young lady who expired suddenly during the Marriage Service,' and a warm commendation of another young lady who, thinking that it was a younger son who was going to offer himself, fainted when she discovered that her attraction had really been felt by the Earl. But Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey is most captivated by the cheerful and humorous:

The most extraordinary instance of corpulency known in later times is that of Mr. Bright, a tall chandler of Maldon, Essex, who has just died at the age of eighty-nine. Seven persons of the common size were with ease enclosed in his waistcoat, and a stocking which, when sent home to him, was found too little, was large enough to hold a child four years old. Mr. Bright was comely in his person, affable in his temper, honest in his trade. He was a kind husband, a tender father, a good dancer, and a valuable friend.

'I should like to have seen the creature,' is Mrs. Humphrey's comment.

From the series of exclamations, she also likes the story for which Baron Sternhold vouches in *John Bull*, recalled by the proceedings taken in 1820 before the Consistory Court, imputing to the Rev. James Cotteril, of St. Paul's, Sheffield, irregularity in causing to be sung in his church certain hymns and versions of psalms not permitted by any lawful authority:

I enclose you a copy of a Psalm sung at a church in Yorkshire composed by the parish clerk on occasion of the distemper among the horned cattle in the summer of 1784. It was sung and chorussed by the whole congregation in the church. The four first stanzas contained an account of the cattle that died, and the names of the farmers to whom they all belonged; the remaining verses were as follows:

'No Christian bull, nor cow, they say,
But takes it out of hand;
And we shall have no cows at all,
I doubt, within this land.

The doctors, though they all have spoke
Like learned gentlemen,
And told us how the entrails look,
Of cattle, dead and green.

Yet they do nothing do at all,
With all their learning store;
So heaven drive out this plague away,
And vex us not, no more.'

This piece was so well received that after the service it was desired again by all the congregation, except five farmers, who wept, and declared that 'the lines were too moving.' The clergyman, in going out, said to the clerk, 'Why, John, what psalm was that we had to-day — it was not one of David's?' 'No, no, Sir,' quoth John, big with the honor he had acquired, 'David never made such a psalm since he was born — this is one of my own.'

Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey has property, and is resolved to earn laurels by it as easily as this Berkshire landlord:

Formerly the cottages were in bad order, the pavements and windows broken. I engaged, after the cottages were thoroughly repaired, to pay £1 a year for repairing them. I undertook to make the repairs myself, and deduct the expenses from this £1, but if they wanted no repairs they were to have the whole £1 for themselves. This course has, I find, formed habits of care, and no deduction is ever made. In the winter I give them two-score of faggots toward their fuel, and by this means save my hedges and fences. I have set out four acres as a play-ground, on which my sheep and cows feed, keeping the grass under so that balls can run, and I also let it for £4 a year to a man on condition that he cuts the hedges and keeps it clean. Many persons accuse the poor of ingratitude, but I find them the most grateful people alive for these little attentions. And what do they all cost me? Why, not more altogether than the keep of one fat coach horse!

Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey warmly commends to all bachelors the example of Mr. William Akers, a fan-maker of Fetter Lane, who, by denying himself every luxury except a little gin and water, accumulated six thousand pounds, which he left to 'Her Majesty, my Queen,' to be applied by her toward the liquidation of the National Debt; but underneath the story she has written: 'It is to be hoped that married gentlemen will not thus put patriotism before the comfort of their ladies!'

An amusing little story, to which, as usual, a footnote is added, is told under the heading 'A Curious Stratagem':

On Thursday morning last the village of Walton upon Thames was thrown into a considerable state of alarm in consequence of the appearance of a man, dressed in a smock frock, his face and hands blackened, with a tremendous cudgel in his hand, which he brandished in a menacing manner, going from house to house. Everyone ran to their doors to look at him, and on a particular house being opened the supposed maniac entered and the mystery was explained. It proved that he was a constable, who had disguised himself in the frightful manner above described for the purpose of drawing the people who resided in that house to the door, in order to execute a distress warrant, issued against them by the magistrates at Kingston. They, being on their guard, kept their door locked, but by this dark stratagem were induced to open it.

'May heaven,' hopes Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey, 'always inspire with such inventiveness the constables who are often set by the Almighty to be the only protection of lonely, imposed-upon females.'

As she is one of the large class of people who prefer conversation to concerts, she is strongly in sympathy with 'Monochord,' who, driven crazy by the Waterloo Waltz and the Coburg Cotillion, writes to the *Morning Chronicle* to suggest that no gentleman or lady shall be permitted to perform in private without a licence to be taken out annually in the same manner as that for wearing hair powder:

Those unfortunate gentlemen who have more than one musical wife [*sic*] and three unmarried musical daughters shall be subject to a modification of the duty, and though the tax may not knock pianos on the head so much as it has knocked hair powder out of it, it may prevent cabinet makers from sticking piano-fortes instead of cellarets into their side-boards which, alas! has now become the fashion. Instead of being ordered to 'bring the other bottle' John is commanded to 'arrange the side-board for Miss Phoebe,' when, by touching a spring, down drops the front of the side-board, which instantly becomes a piano-forte, and furnishes the entertainment of the long evening.

Perhaps that is enough of Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrey's footnotes to history as it appealed to her in her hour. We leave her not without a lively feeling of gratitude to the order of mind which enables us to affix some of the fringes and flounces to life as it was lived nearly a century ago.

[*The Bookman*]

PATRICK MACGILL, 'THE NAVVY POET'

BY DAVID HODGE

IN a sense it is unfortunate that Patrick MacGill should still have attached to him the label 'the navvy poet,' for he has progressed far on the literary highway since the days when his writings were regarded as remarkable in themselves but more so on account of the fact that they were the work of a self-taught Irish stripling who had left his native Donegal to work as a navvy in Scotland. In another sense the retention of the label is fitting, because he was among the first to make vocal that little understood class — the Irish navvies — who toil unregarded at our railways, docks, and roads, and at the beginning of his writing career it was in verse that he did this service to his colleagues of the pick and shovel. That was only ten or twelve years ago, when MacGill was working as a member of a repair gang on the Caledonian Railway between Greenock and Wemyss Bay. At that time — with characteristic enterprise — he resorted to the methods of the early poets and did his own distribution, leaving his little *Gleanings from a Navy's Scrapbook* at back doors one evening and calling back later in the week for sixpence if the book had happened to meet some one who wished to buy it. A bright-eyed lad with black curly hair and a melodious and sym-

pathetic voice, his personality excited almost as much interest as his writings, and to this day — when he approaches his thirtieth year and has to his credit a long list of books in prose and verse and an established reputation among contemporary poets and novelists — public curiosity remains keen as to how a youth with little or no educational advantages, and with all the disadvantages that a navvy's life may be expected to place in the way of literary development, succeeded in achieving his present eminence. It may be said that greater writers were more severely handicapped by their early environment and early life, and the cases of Dickens and Burns may be cited. The boy Dickens had disabilities almost as serious as those of MacGill, but Burns had not, thanks to his father, from whom he received a sound education and every encouragement to study.

Naturally, many myths surround MacGill's beginnings. It is told, for instance, without truth, that he first took to writing verse through having picked from the permanent way on which he was at work in the Glasgow neighborhood, *Barrack-Room Ballads*, dropped from a passing train. More accurate is the tale that MacGill was interested in a poem on a margarine wrapper at Kinlochleven, and that, moved to emulation by what he had read, he wrote some lines which he sent to a Glasgow evening newspaper, which not only printed them but paid for them. Facts are that he was born at Glenties, County Donegal, of poor peasant parents, attended the national school of his village, but left at the age of ten and went, when twelve, to work as a laborer in the Irish Midlands. Later he worked in Scotland as a railway platelayer and as navvy at the great waterworks at Kinlochleven, from which he returned to the railway. All the time he had been endeavoring to

educate himself. He joined circulating libraries, and studied in particular Montaigne, Carlyle, Victor Hugo, Bret Harte and Rudyard Kipling. The secondhand bookshops of the cities knew him well, but at these establishments he had to go cautiously, the booksellers often insisting that he must purchase books he had fingered, so grimy were his navvy hands. To a London newspaper he sent an article on navvy life. 'Post that man his railway fare, and bring him south,' said the editor, much impressed by the contribution. MacGill duly presented himself in Fleet Street, where the corduroys of the raw-green navvy were at once superseded by less unconventional Fleet Street attire, and he was instructed to write half a column on the latest fashions in men's neckties and socks. He tried to do so, but failed — which is not surprising, the task to which he was put being just as easy for him as the writing of an essay on bimetallism or George Meredith would be to a Sandwich Islander. MacGill was not a Fleet Street success: not even an Irish Barrie can picture him as a disciple of Rob Angus and Noble Simms. Later, he was taken in hand by Canon Dalton, through whose influence the young Irishman got congenial work among the manuscripts at Windsor Castle, where he might have been to this day if his novels had not encouraged him to devote himself exclusively to letters. In August, 1914, he joined the army, and as a private in the London Irish he fought till wounded at Loos and invalided out. He had many offers of a commission, but he preferred to remain in the ranks, where he felt that he could best study the fighting man. Returning to England he was employed in the War Office Propaganda Department, where written work had to be turned out whether the spirit moved him or not. The effect

was not wholly beneficial; but he has now completely returned to himself, as witness his new novel, *Maureen*.

MacGill has written many noteworthy works,—all highly charged with the influence of a masterful personality—but his most important books remain *Children of the Dead End* and *The Rat Pit*. Each is autobiographical to a large extent, and it is in describing what he has actually seen and felt that MacGill—like the majority of authors—is at his best. With imagination he is not always—even in his verse—completely successful, and it is the easiest thing in the world to determine which parts of his books are based on actual experience and which on hearsay or invention. Realism is the key-note of *Children of the Dead End* and *The Rat Pit*—which are indeed one book, both telling the story of Dermod Flynn and Norah Ryan, who come from Ireland as mere children to take part in the arduous and miserably-paid work of potato-digging in Scotland. MacGill writes with first-hand knowledge of this work, but the appalling particulars he gives as to how the workers live and are housed have been challenged.

He describes the sleeping quarters of the decent Irish folk as 'an evil-smelling byre, the roof of which was covered with cobwebs, the floor with dung. On both sides of the sink, which ran up the middle, was a row of stalls, each stall containing two iron stanchions to which chains for tying cattle were fixed.' A government report gives even a more fœtid description of such accommodation as was provided for these Irish toilers within recent years. But still more amazing to the uninformed must appear MacGill's accounts of Glasgow's underworld. It is an underworld of which even an overwhelming majority of the citizens of that city had no knowledge; but it existed, and there

is no reason to believe that it does not exist to-day. The back 'lands' are still there, the barefooted harlots, the squalid public houses, the dust-heap pickers, the doss-houses, the sweating, and the churches that have as neighbors dens of iniquity and vice. Regarding all these we are not spared in the pages of MacGill. It is with Zolaesque vigor and relentlessness that he tells of these and of the making of the great aluminium works at Kinlochleven, an undertaking that drew navvies from all parts of Britain and Ireland to form a community that would not have seemed incongruous at Balarat or the Klondyke in their early days.

At Kinlochleven, MacGill worked, and wrote, and fought. His descriptions of fights are lyrics of the ring — not the ring as we have it in London to-day, but the ring of the olden times when men fought with bare fists for the sport of the thing and not for pots of gold. While Kinlochleven was in the making, the outside public had no knowledge of the mighty work in progress, and they would have remained ignorant as to what the making of it meant had not the rough, fighting, card-playing, blaspheming navvies had among them the author of *Children of the Dead End*. There were no women at Kinlochleven. The author writes: 'Since I came to Kinlochleven I had not looked on a woman, and the thoughts of womankind had almost gone from my mind. With the rest of the men it was the same. The sexual instinct was almost dead within them. Women were merely dreams of long ago.' At another point he describes navvies as a class of men who are remarkably pure. No women hang about their lodging houses, and they do not go in quest of women. . . . *Children of the Dead End* and *The Rat Pit* are etched with a very sure hand, and superfluous

lines are rare. Pictures abound. This for instance, of Kinlochleven:

The winter was at hand. When the night drew near a great weariness came over the face of the sun as it sank down behind the hills which had seen a million sunsets. . . . A strange silence settled on the lonely places. Nature waited breathless on the threshold of some great event, holding her hundred winds suspended in a fragile leash. The heather-bells hung motionless on their stems, the torrents dropped silently as smoke from the scarred edges of the desolate ravines, but in this silence there lay a menace; in its supreme poise was its threat of coming danger. The crash of our hammers was an outrage, and the exploding dynamite a sacrilege against tired nature.

As a poet MacGill has an easy command of rhythm as well as a true poetic sense, and it is as a poet that some of his admirers and ablest critics consider that he will leave his most enduring mark. Ten years ago he suffered from his label: in their surprise that a navvy could write verse, the critics were apt to omit to apply their customary standards. Still, nascent genius was detected; and as time went on MacGill produced verse that, the critics saw, was good, even when judged by standards that were high. It is said that he copied Kipling. Of course he did — who among our youthful poets of twelve years ago did not? He copied Kipling, but the MacGill element in the copies was the stronger and the more intimate, as in 'Padding It To Ballachulish':

Jackson has need of navvies, navvies who understand
The graft of the offside reaches, to labor where
God has banned,
Men of the sign of the moleskin who swear by the
soulless pit,
Men who are eager for money and ready in
spending it;
Bluchers and velvet waistcoats, and kneestraps
below the knees —
The great unwashed of the model — Jackson has
need of these!

In contrast, there are his sad lines about his beloved Ireland, among them:

I'm going back to Glenties when the harvest
fields are brown,
And the autumn sunset lingers on my little Irish
town;
When the gossamer is shining where the moor-
land blossoms blow,
I'll take the road across the hills I tramped so
long ago —
'Tis far I am beyond the seas, but yearning
voices call,
'Will you not come back to Glenties and your
wave-washed Donegal?'

War gave MacGill inspiration for much
of his most moving verse, including
'La Bassée Road,' 'Marching,' 'After
Loos,' 'A.D. 1916,' and 'Death and the
Fairies.'

Maureen has Ireland for scene; and
just now, of all times, it is a book for
Englishmen to read, for it shows peas-
ant Ireland as an Irishman sees it to-
day, with British troops in occupation
and Sinn Féin in the ascendant among
the political parties. MacGill takes no

political side; but his heroine says:
'Ireland has n't her rights. They were
taken from her hundreds of years ago
by England, and ever since that time
she has been crushed down' — and one
imagines that the sentiment would not
be disclaimed by the author. He is anti-
clerical, though he portrays many a
noble priest, and his affection for his
native land does not lead him to paint
his compatriots, men or women, as
saints.

Settled now in Hendon, with Glas-
gow's slums and railways and the blast-
ings and fights of Kinlochleven only a
vivid memory, MacGill is the centre
of a literary household. His wife also is
a novelist. She writes with grace and
understanding of youth, and that she
has the genuine qualities of a story-
teller is exemplified by her latest work,
Whom God Hath Chosen.

[Today]

REMINDER

BY RICHARD CHURCH

My Mother Earth, I am not exile long
From your maternal bosom, where you keep
The eternal solace of eternal sleep.
Though I have caught the fever of the throng
I shall return to you, and lie among
The myriad more that through the ages creep
To your enduring silence, cradled deep,
Rocked as your course amid the stars is swung.

I am impatient now, and could forget
The calm deliberation that you teach,
Crying aloud to know if life is yet
Nearing the goal that everyone would seize
Ere the appointed time when all and each
Shall rest content beneath the hills and trees.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]
THE LADY STUDENT

BY ROBERT GRAVES

A Study in Norman Influences

SHE's in the second row, see? No, not
that one!
The girl in the green jersey, the pale fat
one,
Taking no notes, sitting beatified,
Plump fingers locked, a large mouth
open wide,
Eyes staring down. . . . Of course
Professor Steel
Is n't a dried old haddock like Macneil,
The Chair of Anglo-Saxon, who'll
admit
His period has no interest, not a bit,
Except to students ardent in research
For early record of our Laws or Church.
'Literature? No, nothing of the kind!
Still, Glosses need re-glossing you may
find.' . . .
But Steel (Parks Road Museum at
midday,
Tuesdays and Fridays) points a hap-
pier way—
Ascetic chin, smooth hair, persuasive
gesture,
Smile, gentle Oxford voice setting at
rest your
Rebel's mistrust of mortar-board and
gown
He quotes, smiles, pauses. Itching pens
rush down
Chapter and verse; for we sit tier on
tier,
A girl from Rcedean there, a Serbian
here,
Eton and Fallicl next the Vicar's
daughter,
A one-armed Brigadier returned from
slaughter.
The young Babu, the Nun from Fox-
combe way
All in a row we crouch, scribbling
away,
But She sits still, her notebook shut,
her pen
Idling: Steel treats of Beowulf's death,
and then
Wrings a deep sigh from her, almost a
tear,

With 'That old tale, the Snows of
Yester-year.'

. . . What was the joke? I missed it,
but they laughed.

A map of Syria shuddered with the
draught.

She dimpled up, she laughed, she's
grave again:

The stops are changed, now a cathedral
strain

Peals out:—

'This Norman influence
brought in
Fresh themes of Poetry and we first
begin

To meet a word unknown to earlier
rhyme,

The great word, Love.'

I looked away this time,
Green Jersey; after all what right have I
To twitch aside the curtains, to play
spy?

Still I must feel the sudden burst of red
Drench your pale face when glancing
up, he said

Quoting most reverently 'A crowned
"A"'

And after, AMOR VINCIT OMNIA.'

And turn aside I must to the far bench
where sits

Your phantom Chaperone. She nods
and knits.

[*London Mercury*]

THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE
MUSES

BY KENWORTH RUSHBY

She is not fair as they: her trembling
notes

Come fitfully and with pain. Often
her eyes

Are dim, when from her sisters' Parian
throats

In ocean-tones the deathless chants
arise.

Yet in her heart a viol, as in theirs,
Throbs to the touch of mortal des-
tiny.

Her lips are consecrate; and through
her tears

Her eyes are bright with immor-
tality.